

# FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
4

APRIL No.133

The  
**DOLL MAN**  
meets  
**DARREL  
DANE'S  
DOUBLE!**

10¢



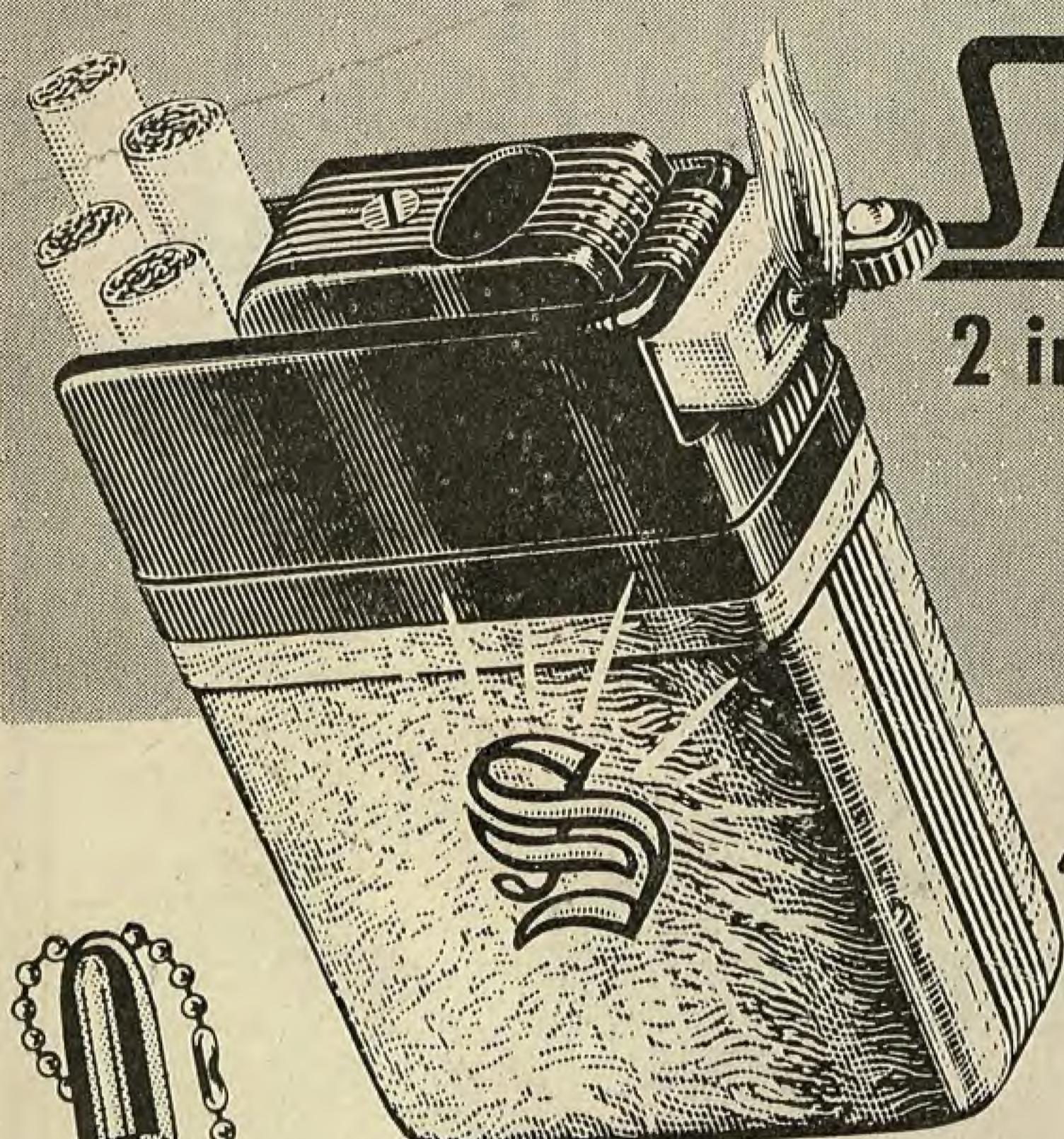
# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



It's Here! It's New!  
It's Available Now!

# THE Slide-O-matic

2 in 1 COMBINATION LIGHTER  
and CIGARETTE CASE



Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And — at no extra cost — your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that GLOWS IN THE DARK.



ALL 3

for only

**\$1.98**

TRY FOR 10 DAYS  
AT NO COST TO YOU

Simply send your name and address and initial wanted. Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Or send \$1.98 with order, and lighter case with glowing monogram and pen will be shipped pre-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The smartest, most useful, most ingenious new invention for cigarette smokers. A beautiful, colorful, two-tone combination lighter built on an entirely new principle. Just imagine... only one motion of the finger gives you both the cigarettes and the lighter. It is a startling improvement over anything else you have ever seen... a wonderful necessity for every cigarette smoker. EXTRA SURPRISE: you'll find that the cigarette case has been monogrammed with your own initial in an ornamental letter which glows in the dark.

**E-Z INDUSTRIES**

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**SEND NO MONEY**

E-Z INDUSTRIES, DEPT. NM  
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Please rush \_\_\_\_\_ lighter cigarette case combination  
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.

My initial is \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_

postpaid.

Ship COD — I will pay charges plus postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PRINT)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

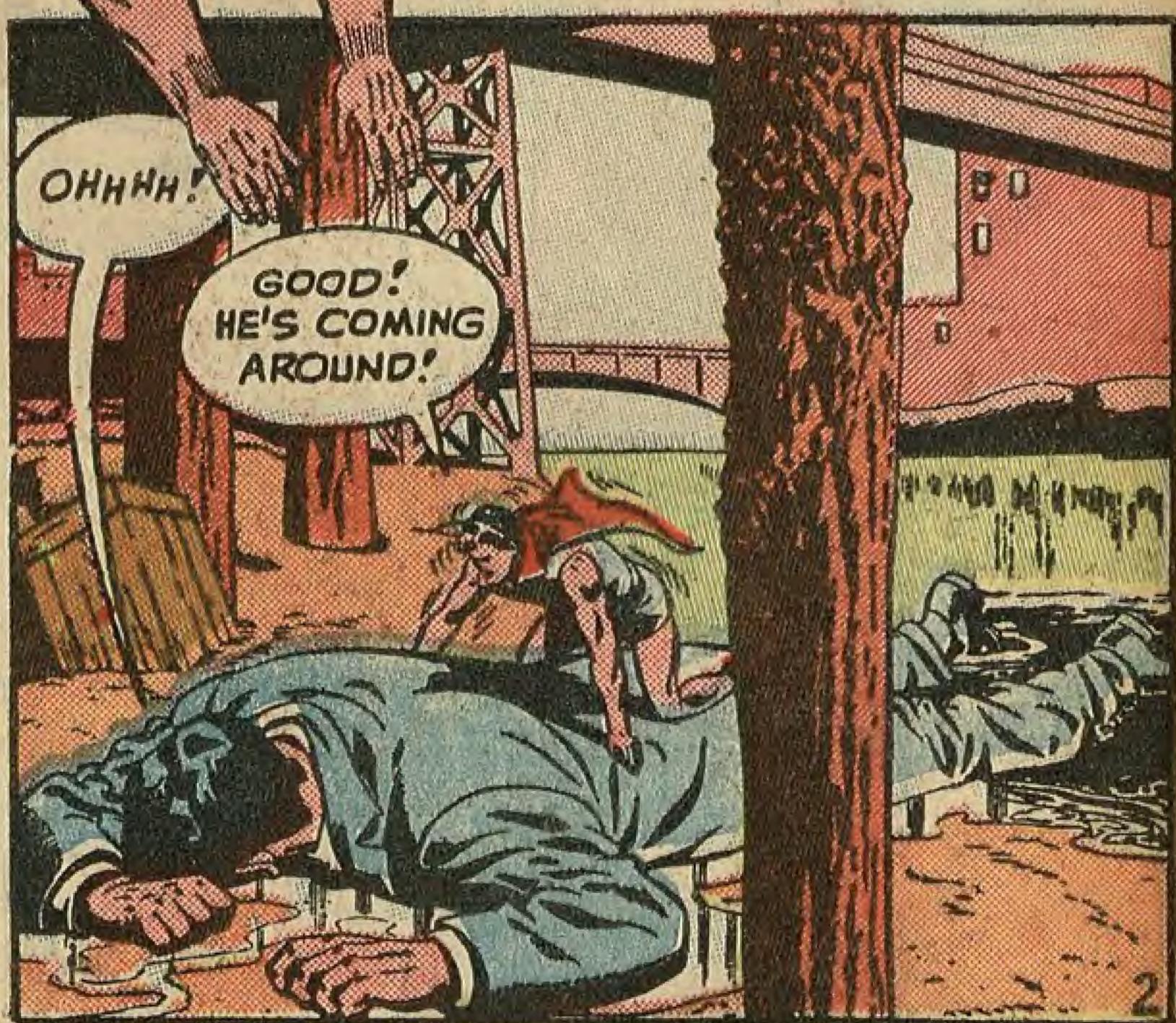
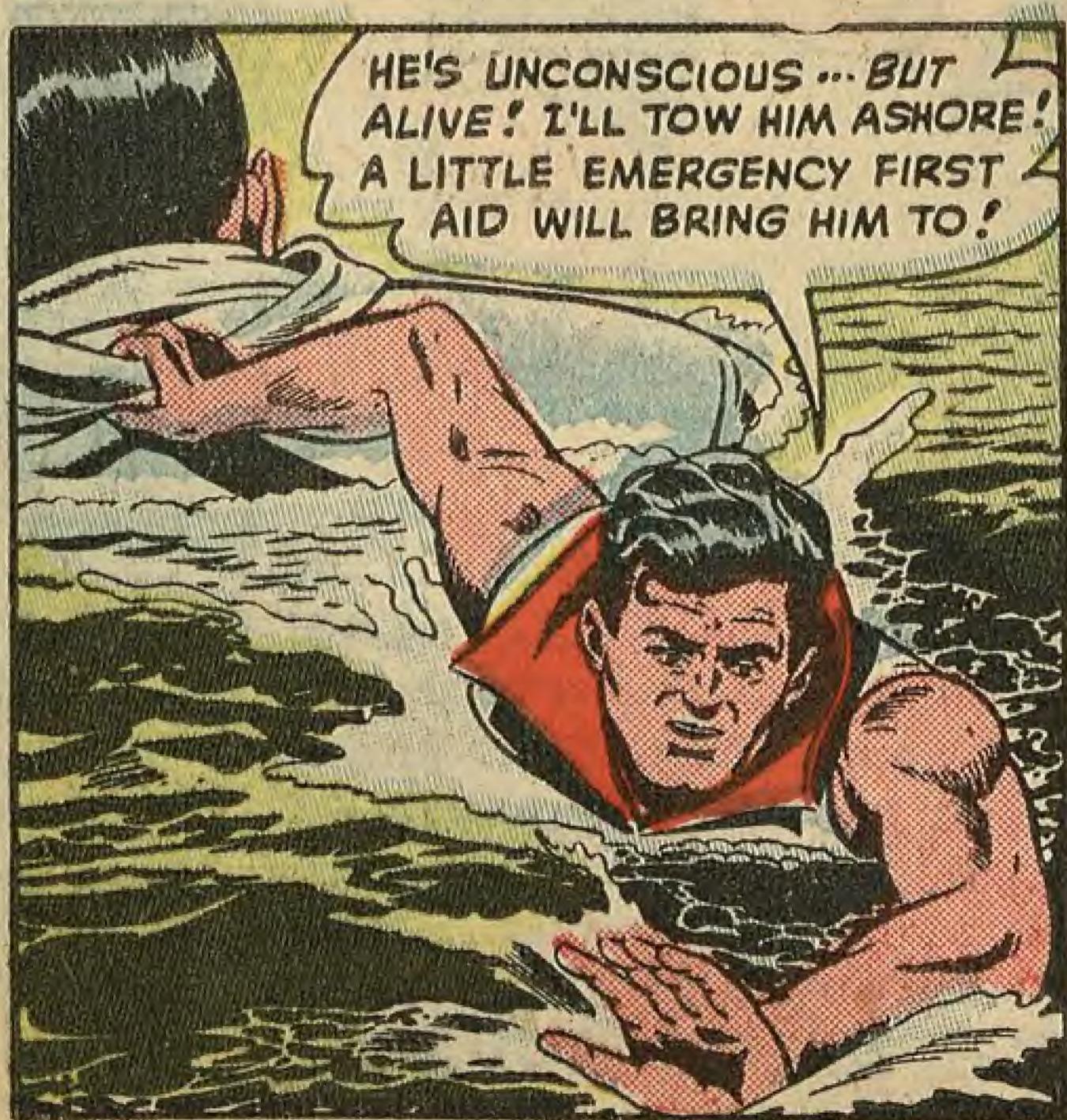
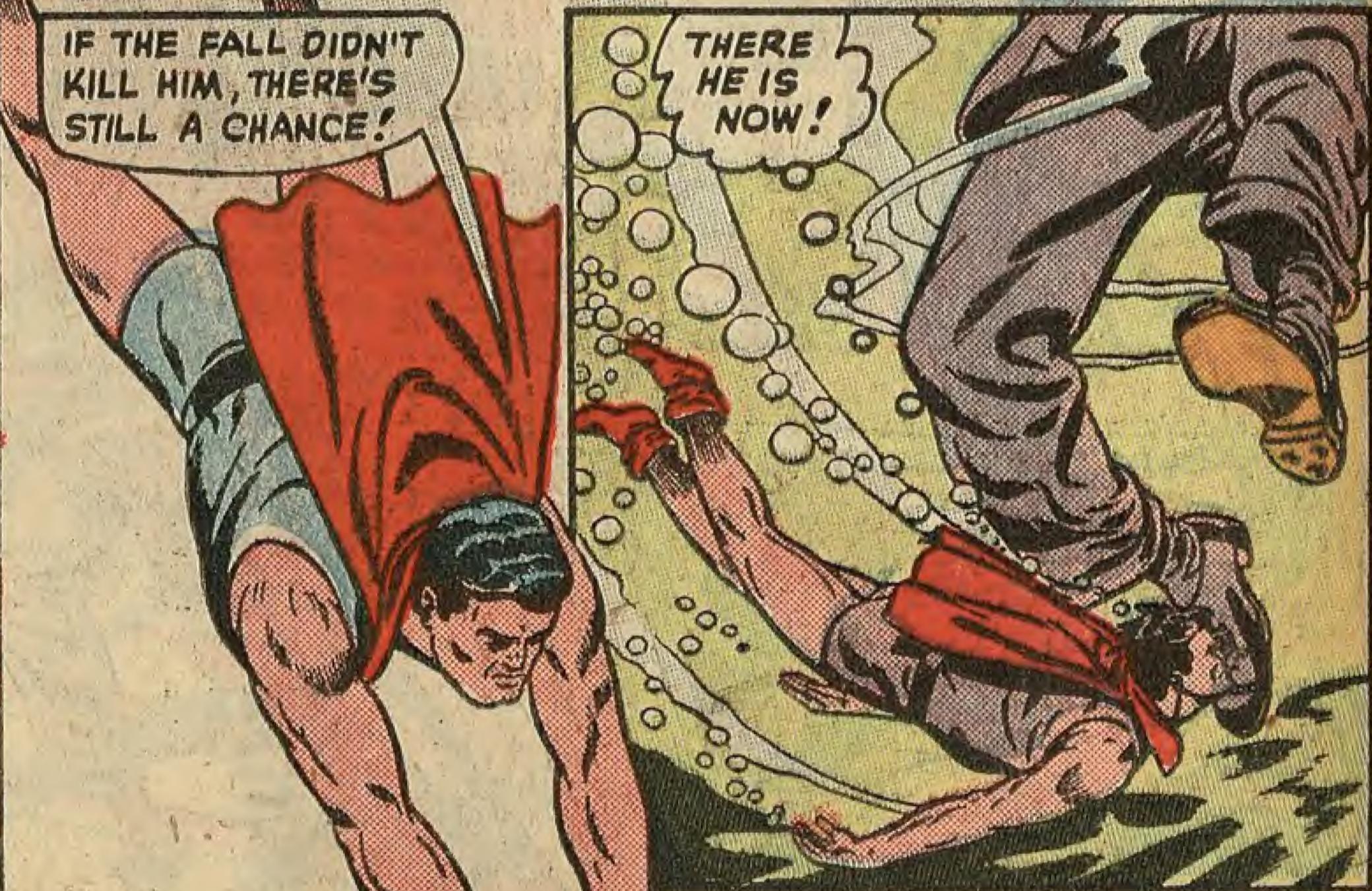
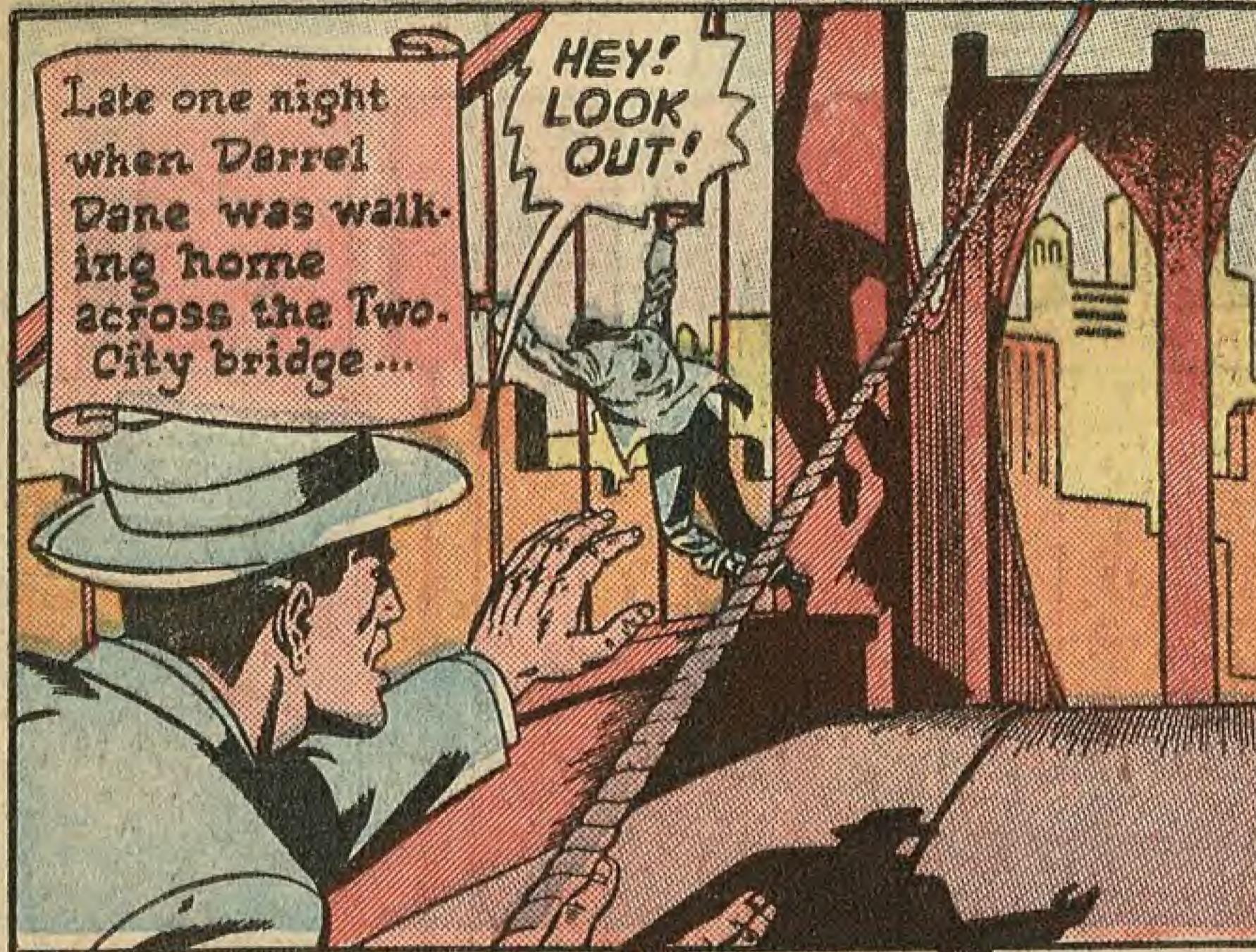
# The DOLL MAN

MGE BANK



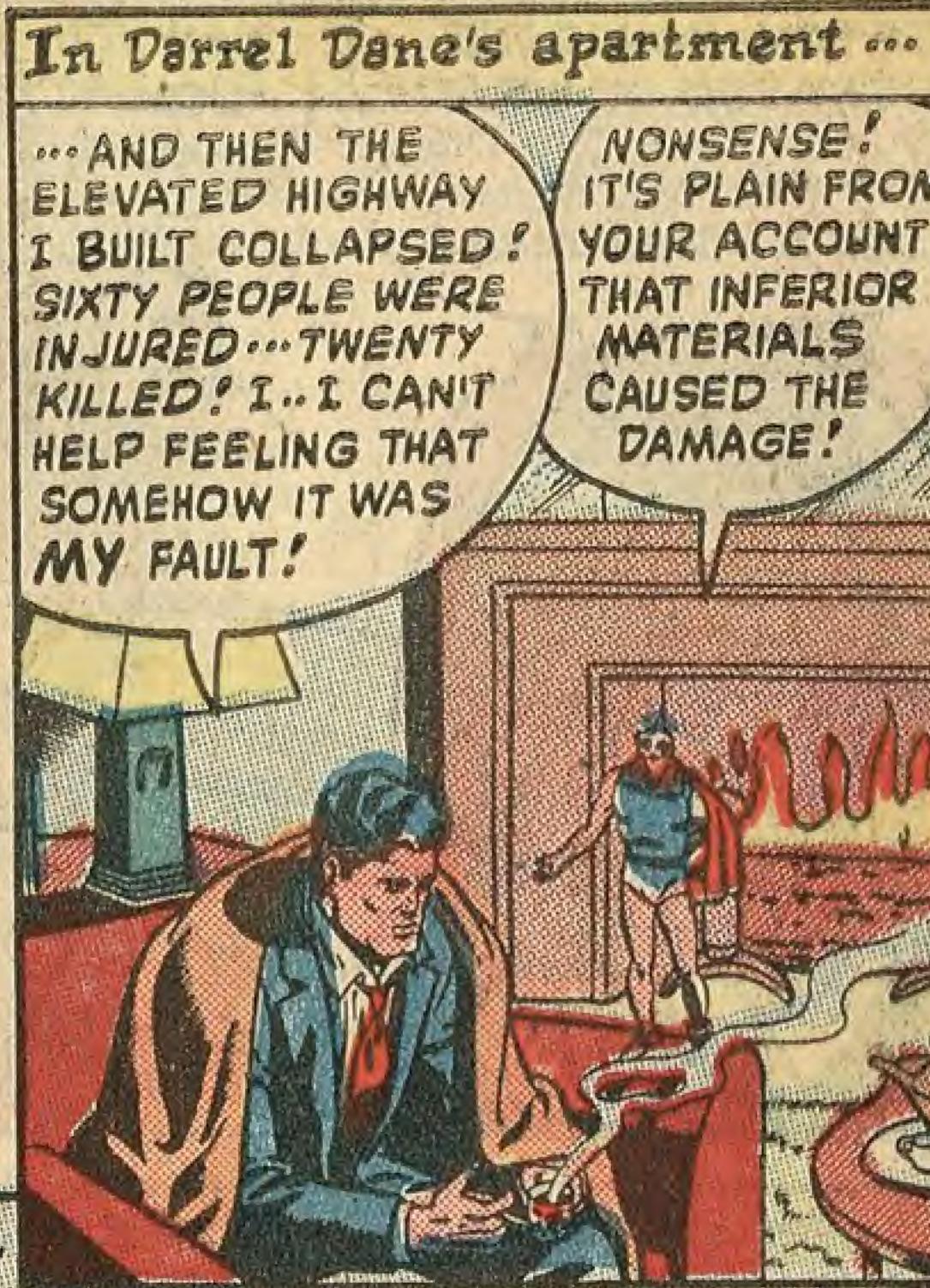
Take another look at the above picture ... a good, long look! Obviously, something is the matter! Darrel Dane and the **DOLL MAN** can't possibly be in the same scene together, for everyone knows that Darrel Dane and the **DOLL MAN** are one and the same person! But this isn't the artist's mistake, folks! It's just a sample of what can happen when the **DOLL MAN**, crime-busting's mightiest mite, meets **DARREL DANE'S DOUBLE!**

FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS

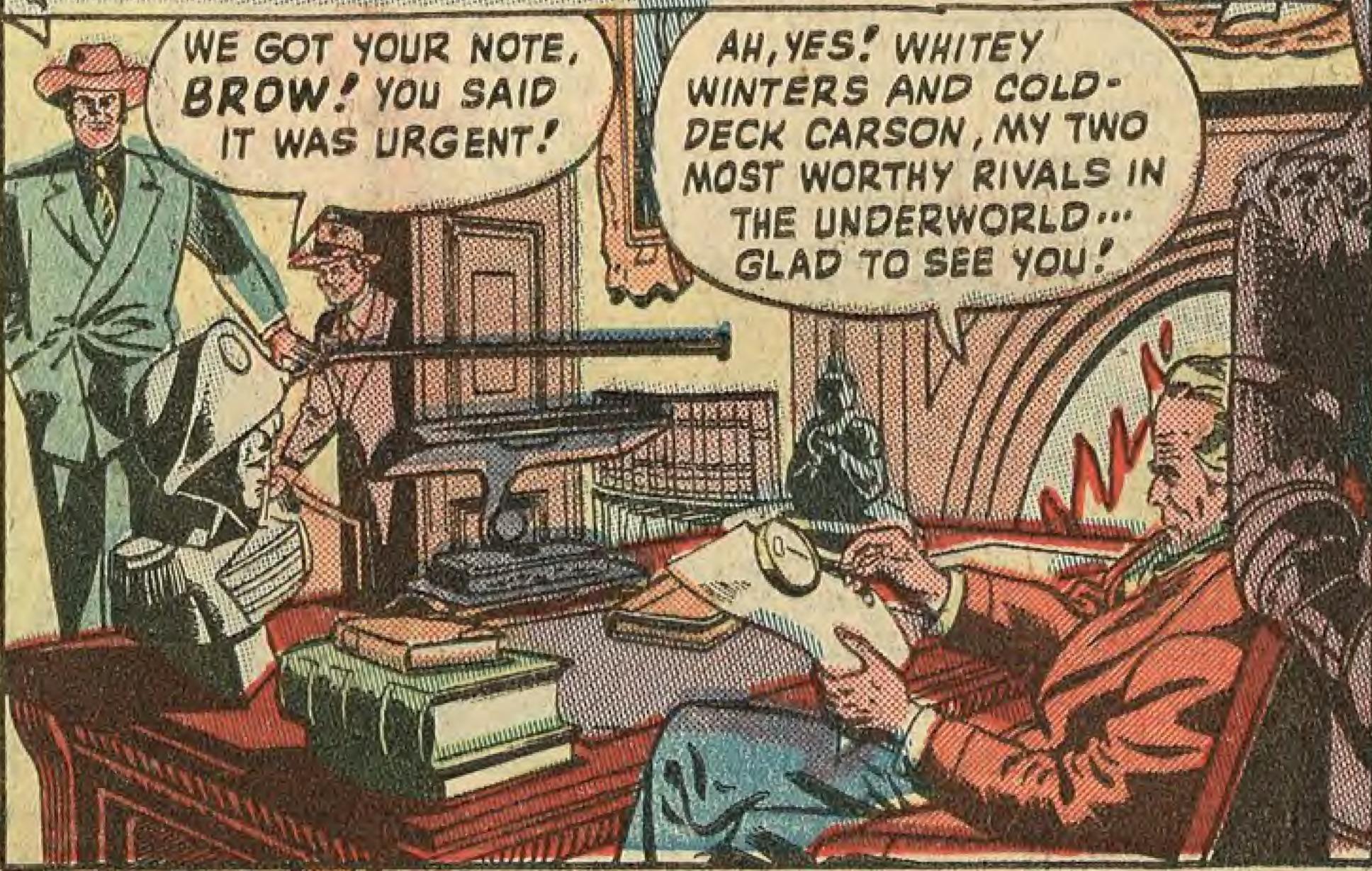
And then the DOLL MAN gets the shock of his life...



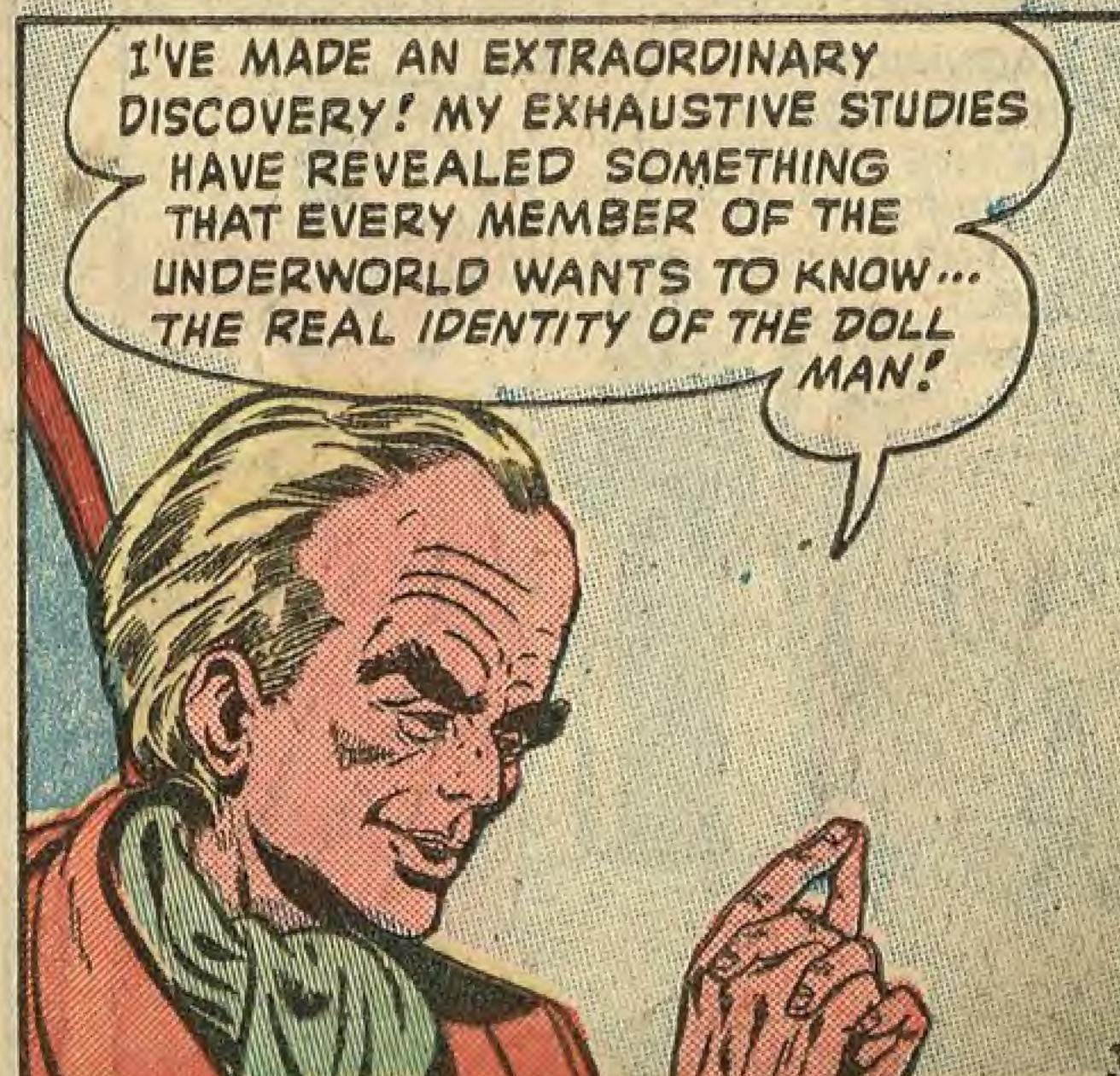
BESIDES, THE CONTRACTOR WHO SUPPLIED THE MATERIALS WAS SENT TO PRISON! THAT PROVES HE'S THE GUILTY ONE... AND NOT YOU!

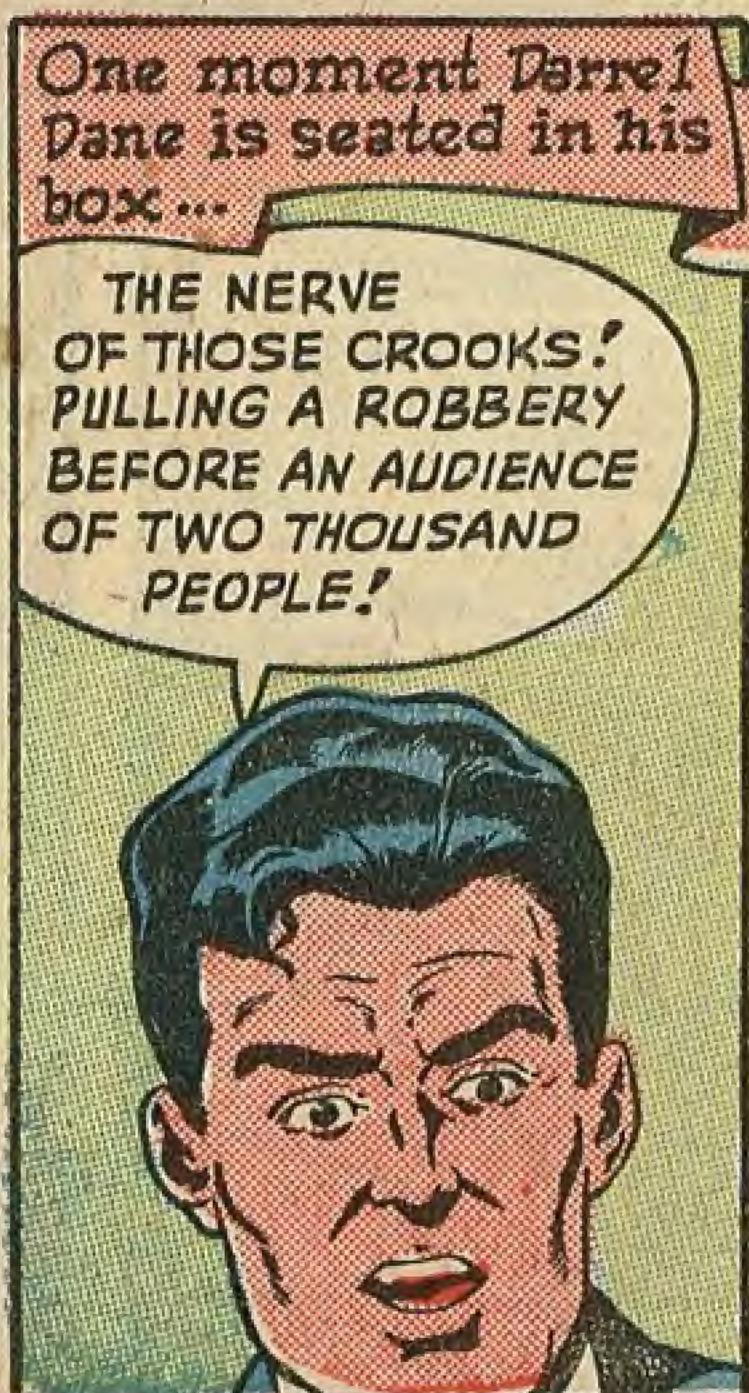
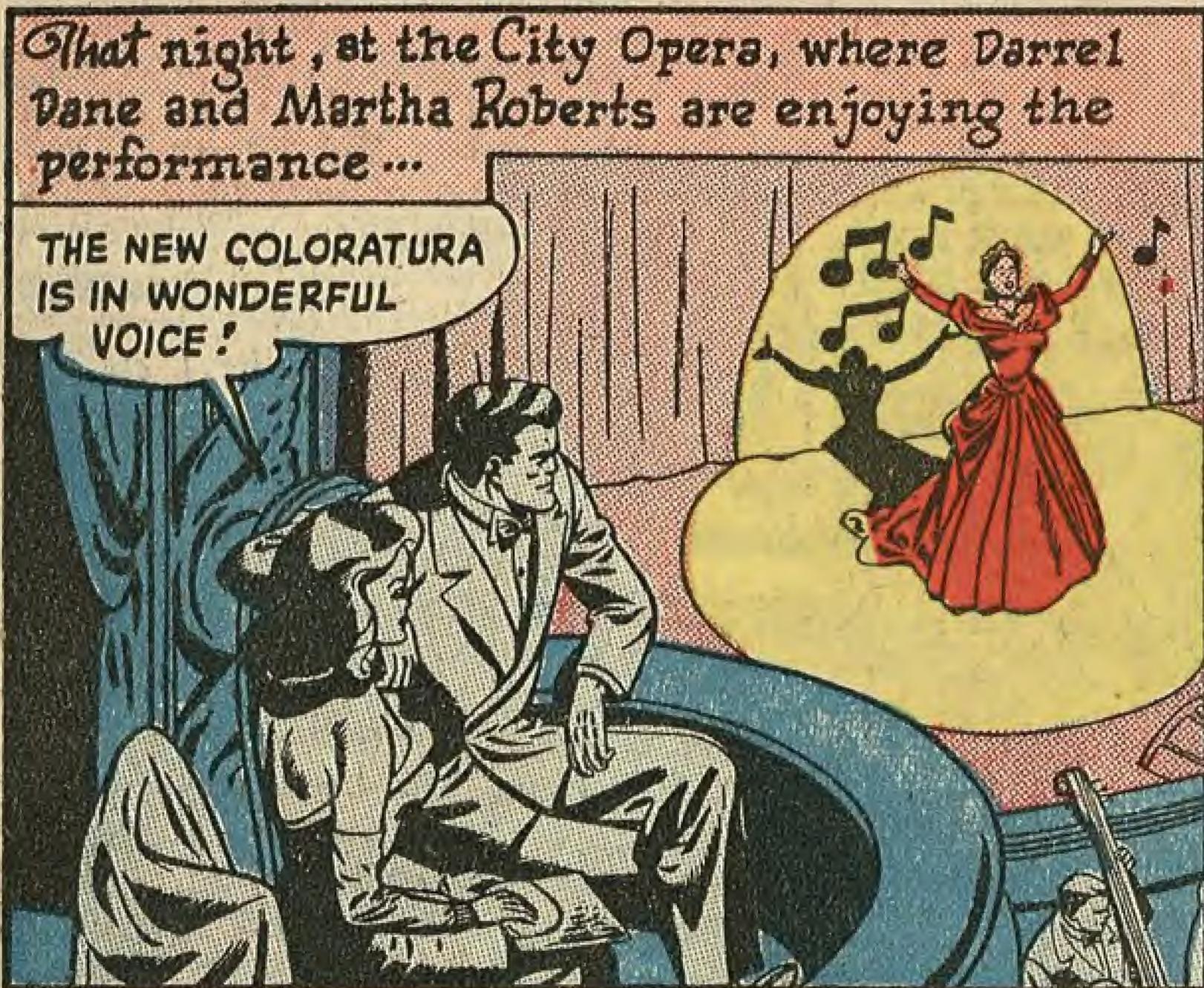


But while the Doll Man solves another man's problems, there is trouble in the making for him...

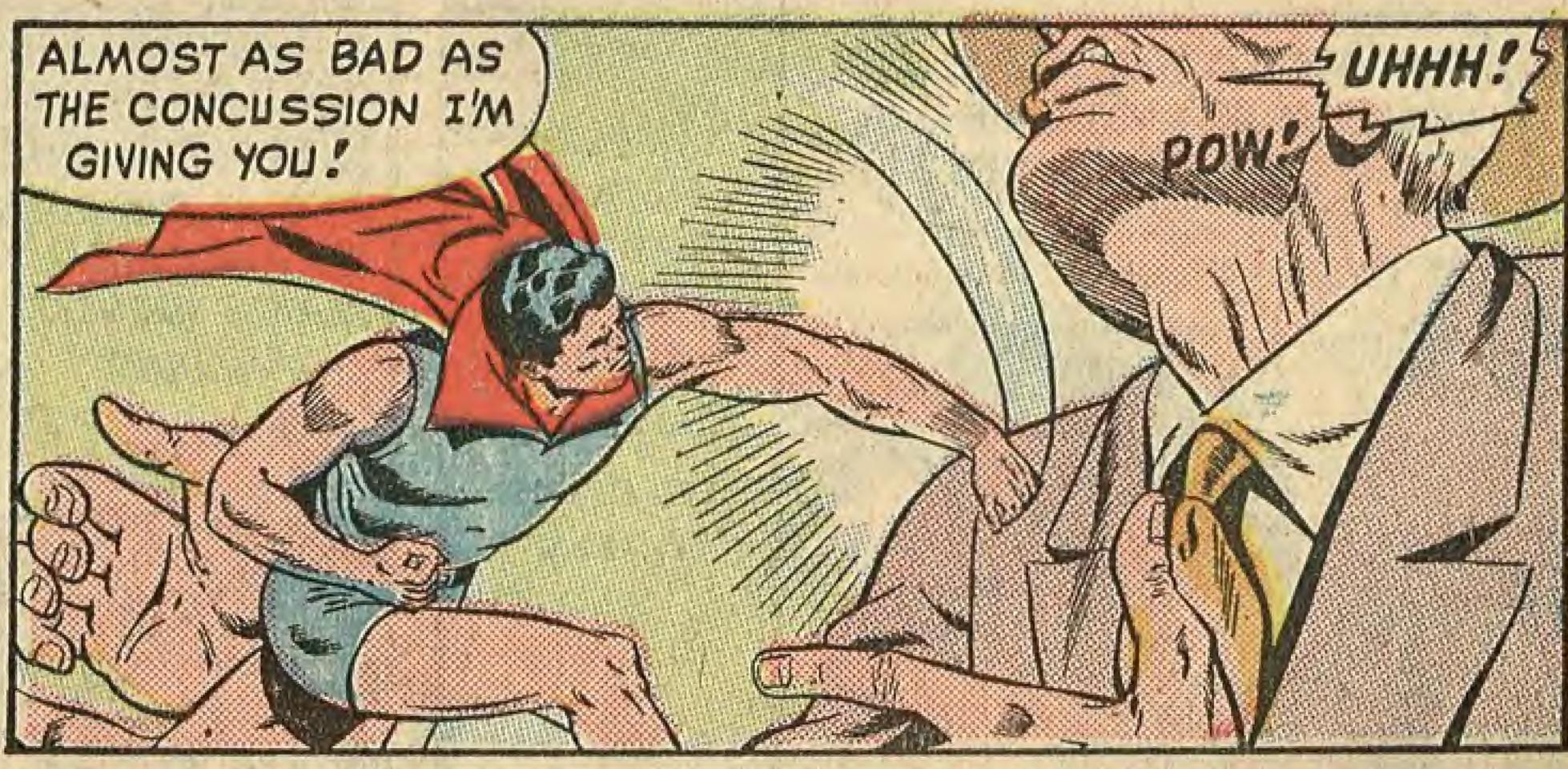
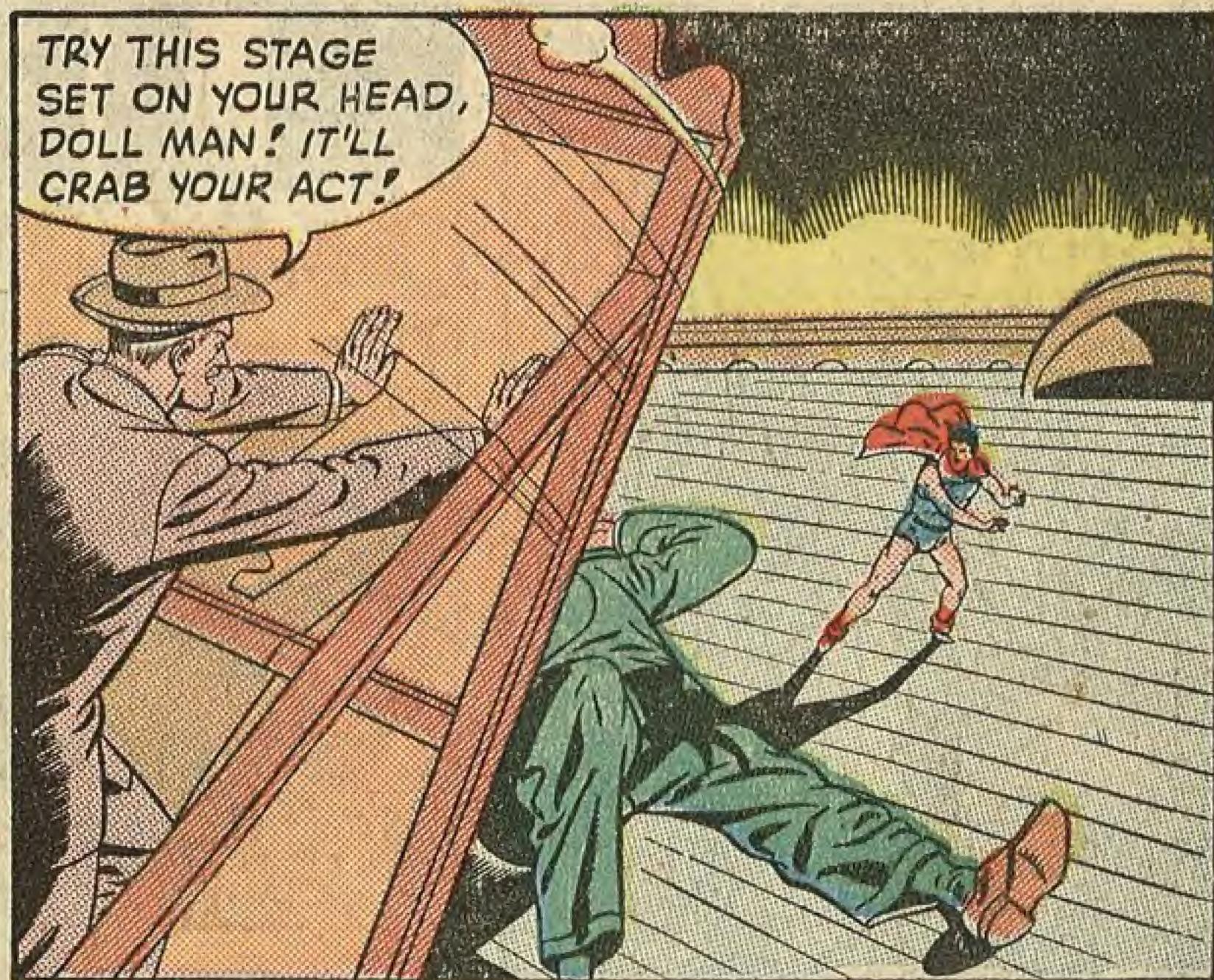
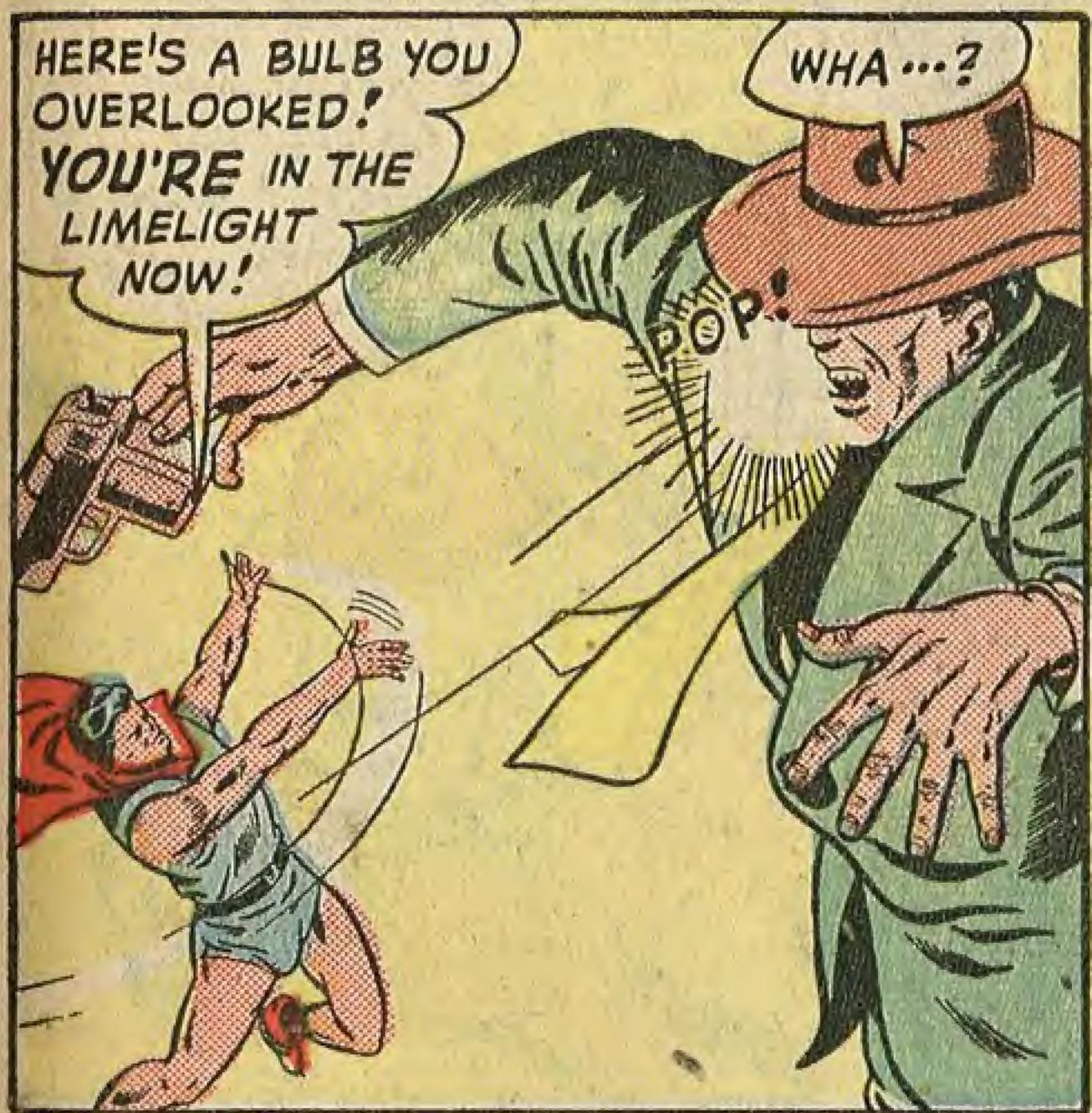
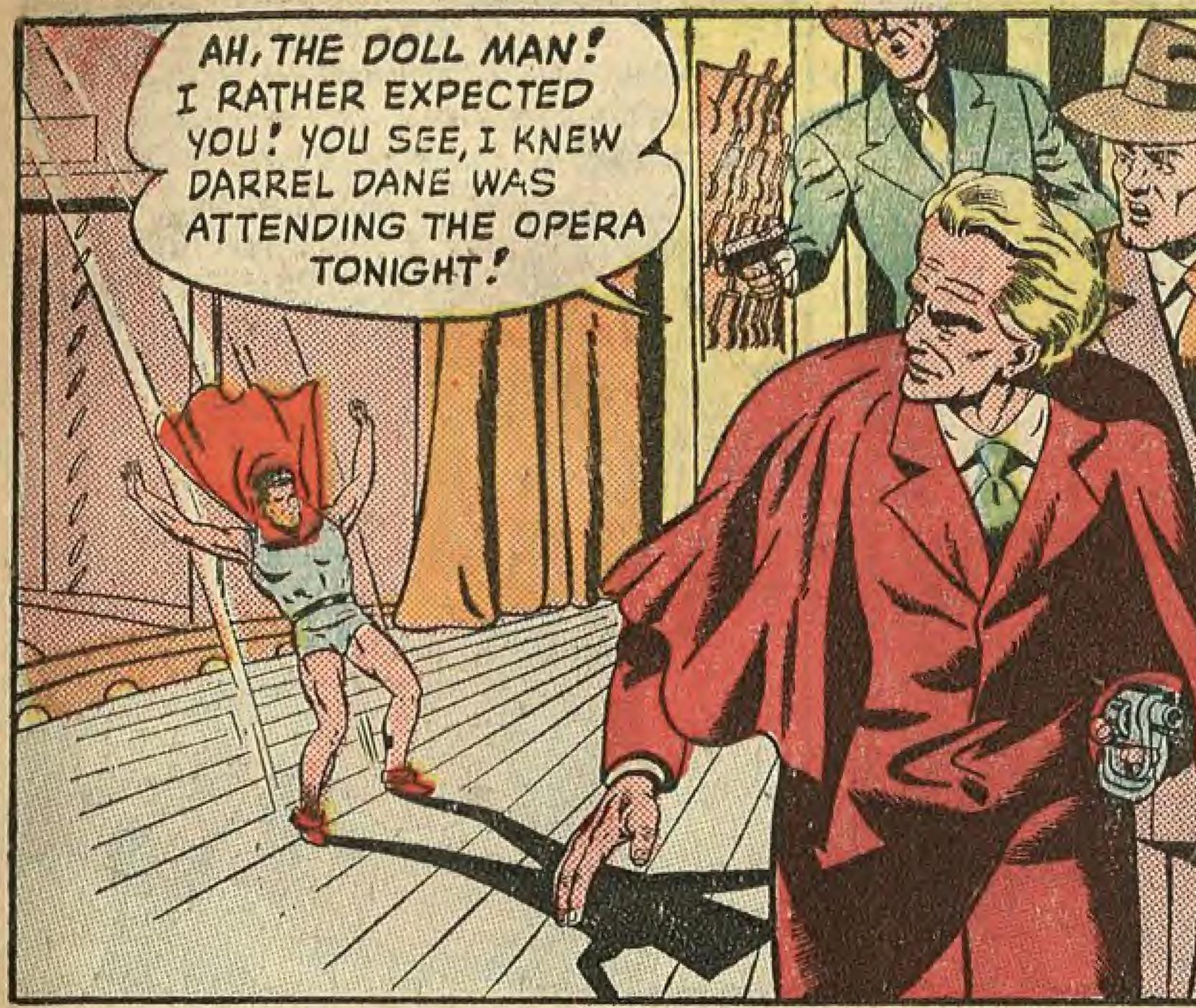


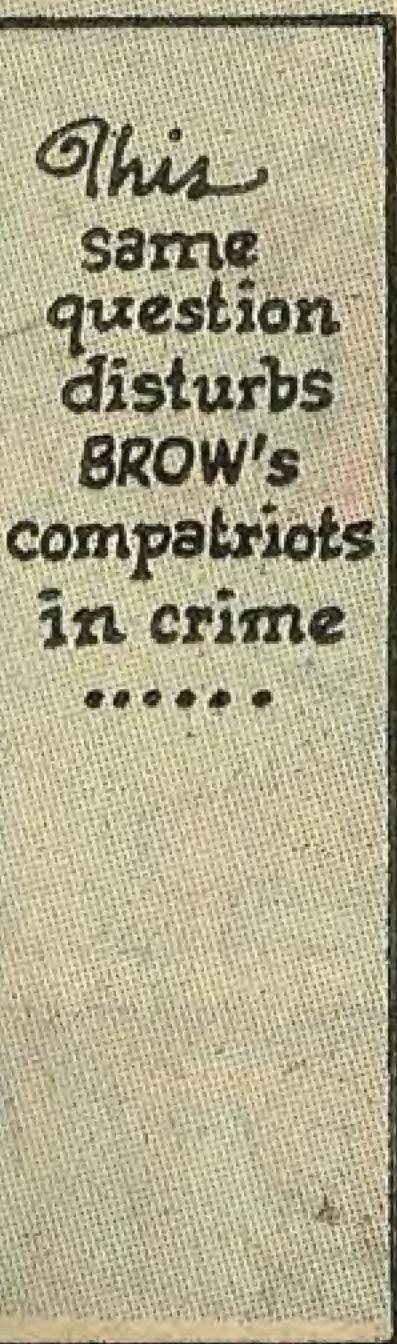
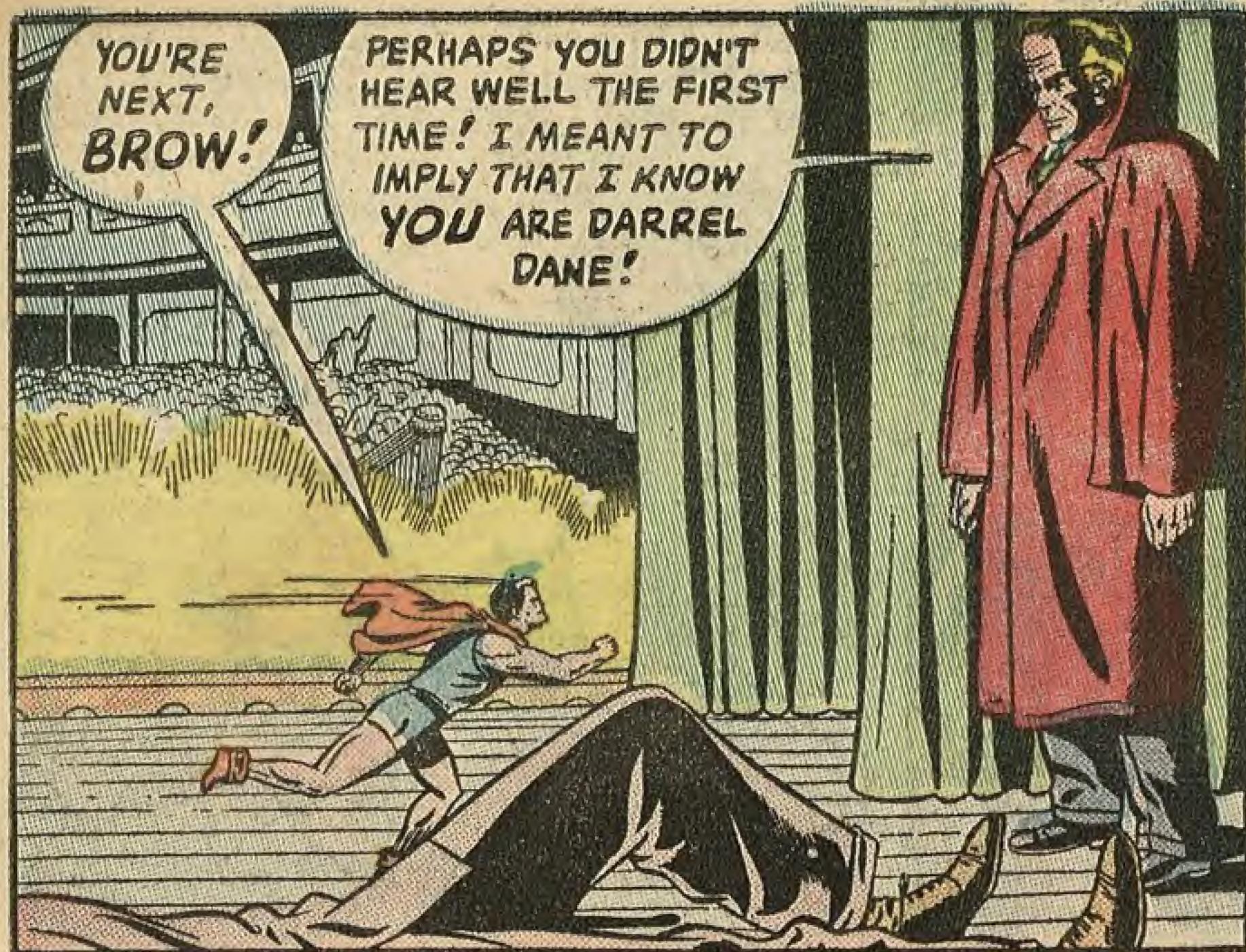
WE'RE BUSY, BROW! ORDINARILY WE WOULDN'T COME, BUT...





FEATURE COMICS

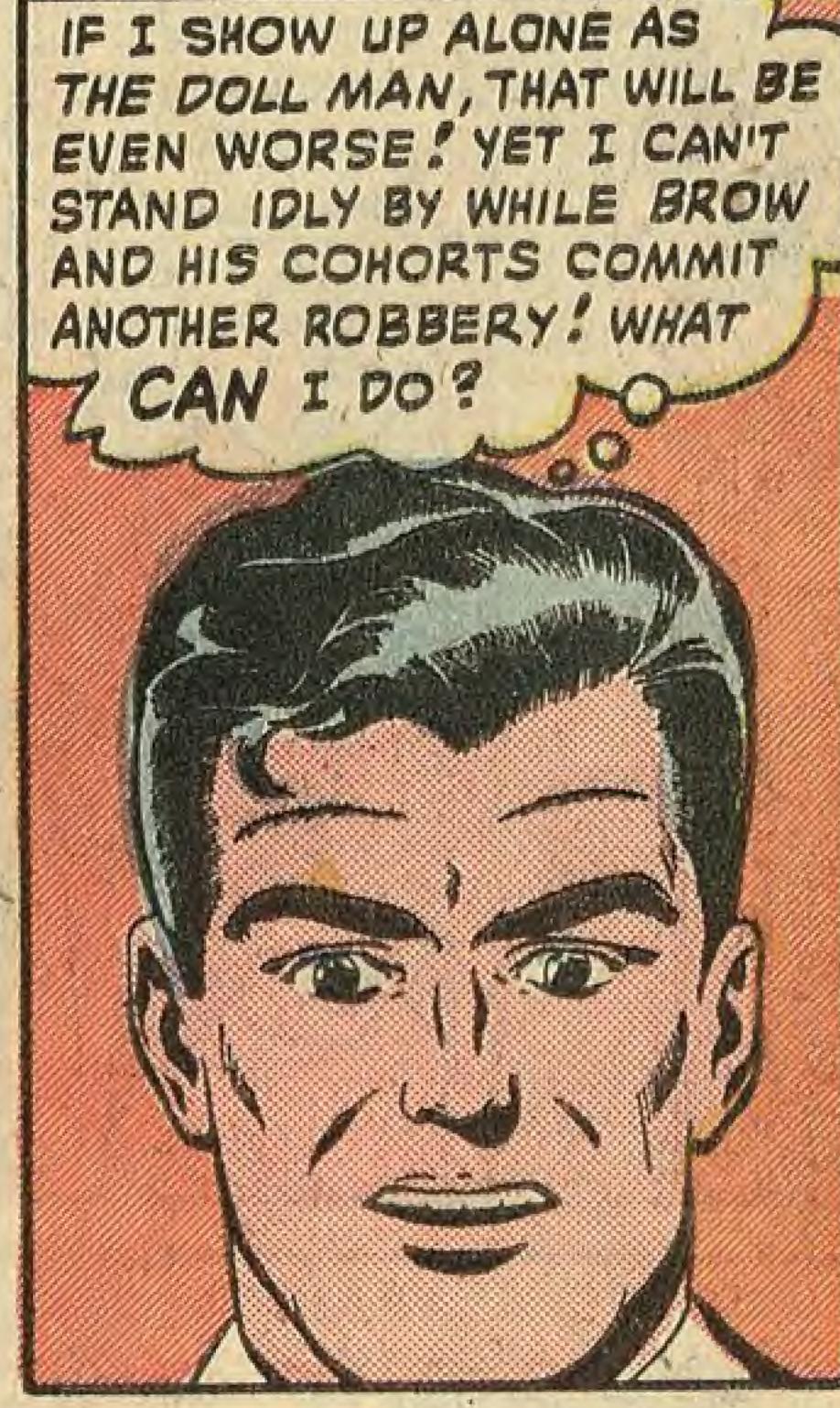
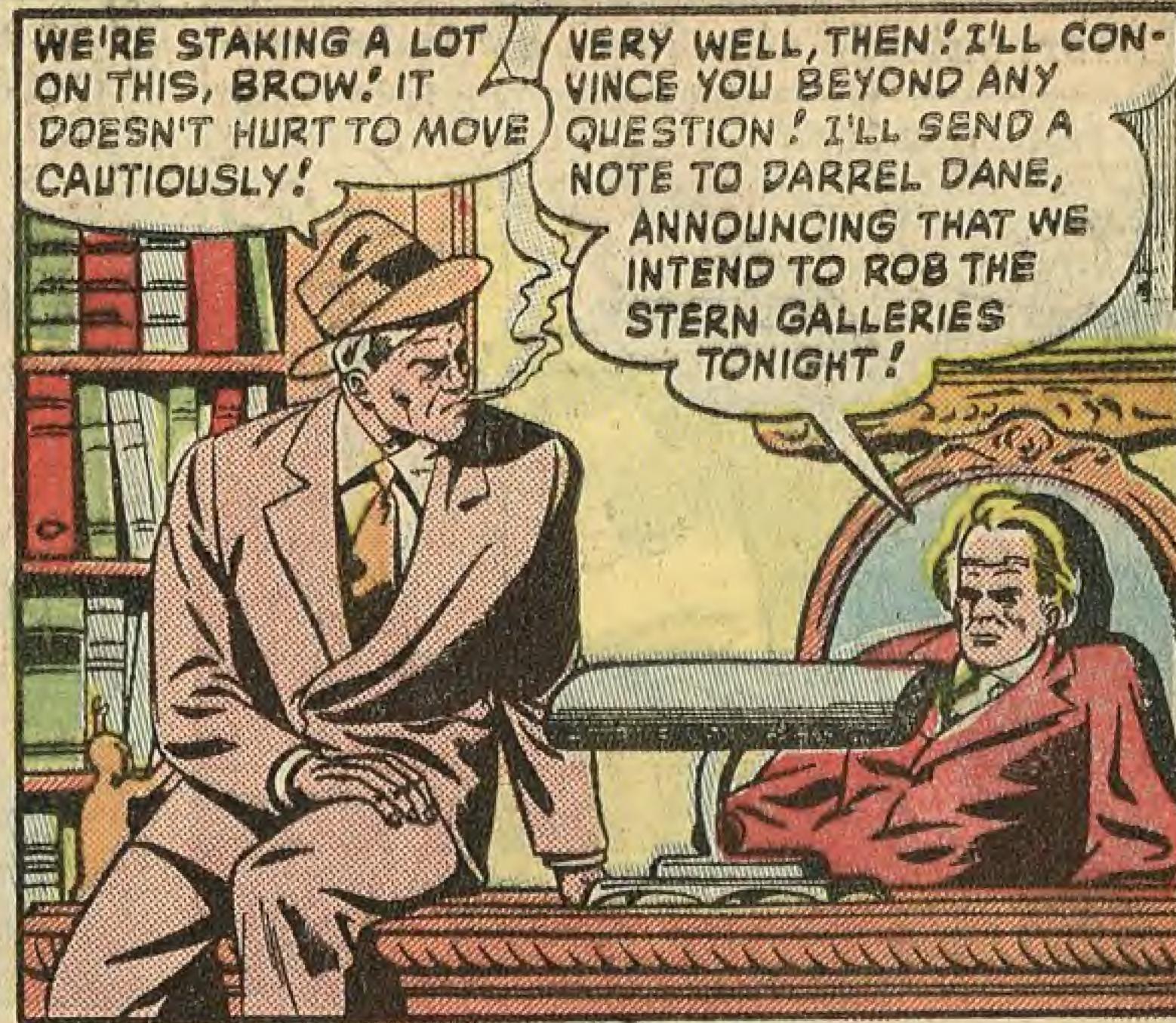




## FEATURE COMICS



DIDN'T I PREDICT THE DOLL MAN WOULD APPEAR? HOW MUCH PROOF DO YOU NEED? MY ADVICE IS TO KILL DARREL DANE AT ONCE!



FEATURE COMICS

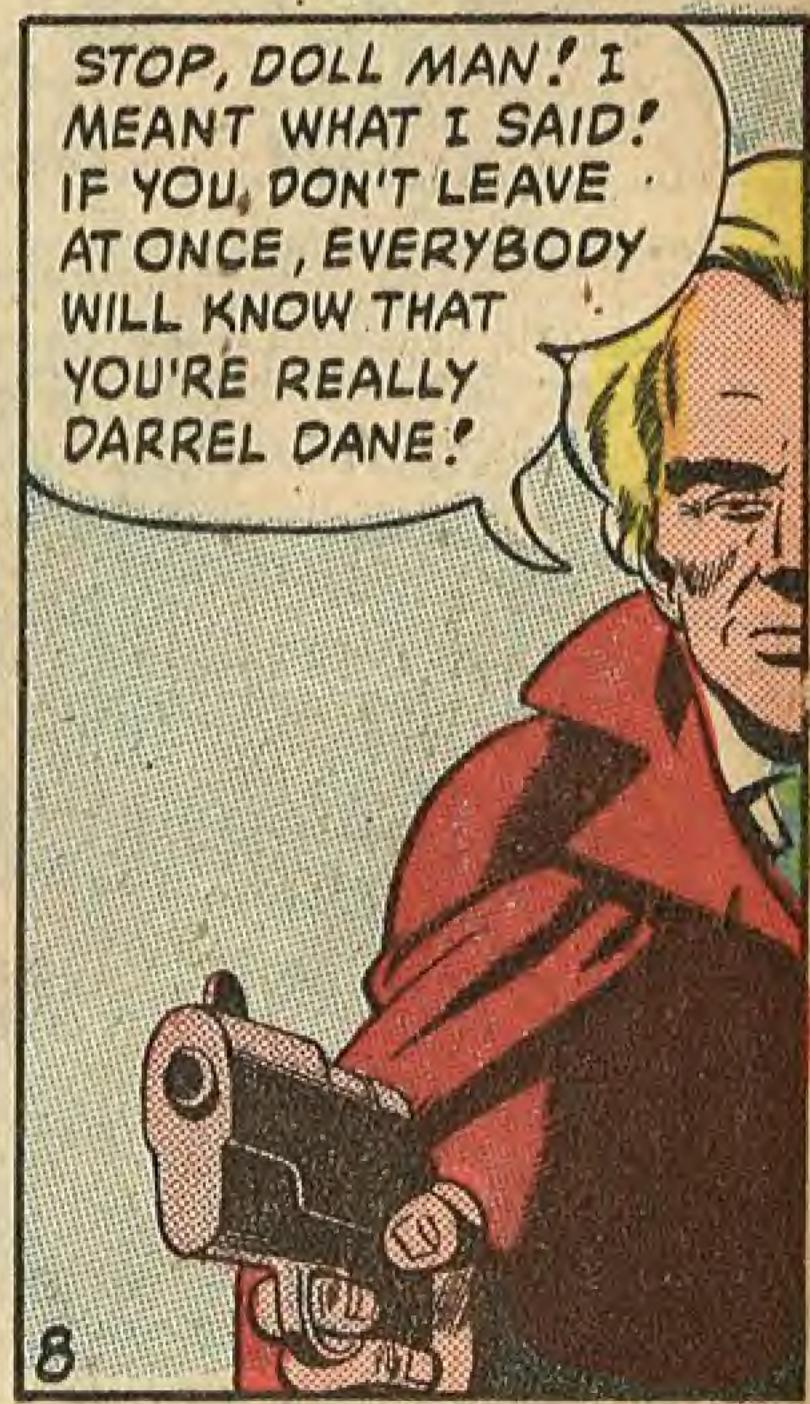
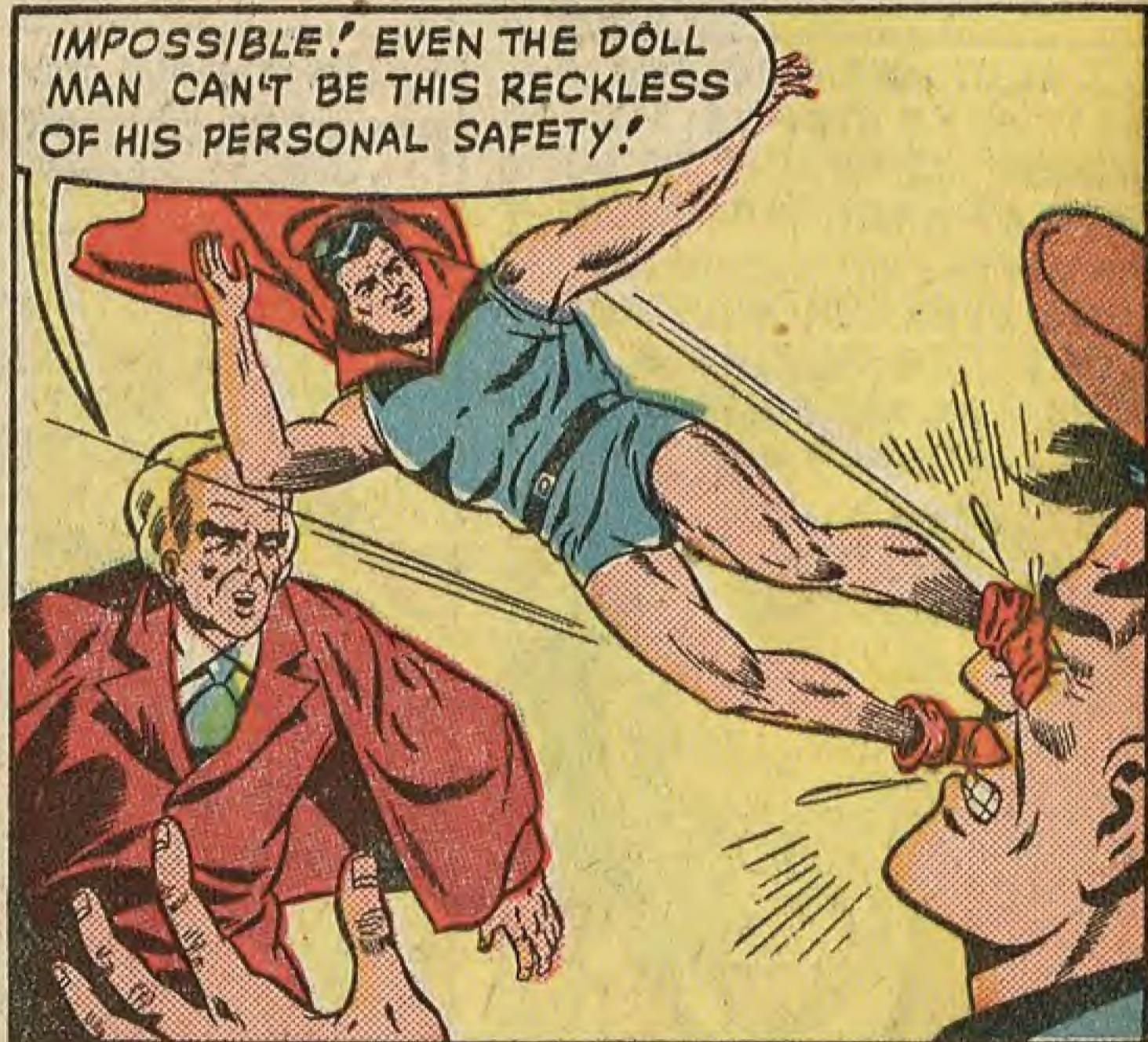
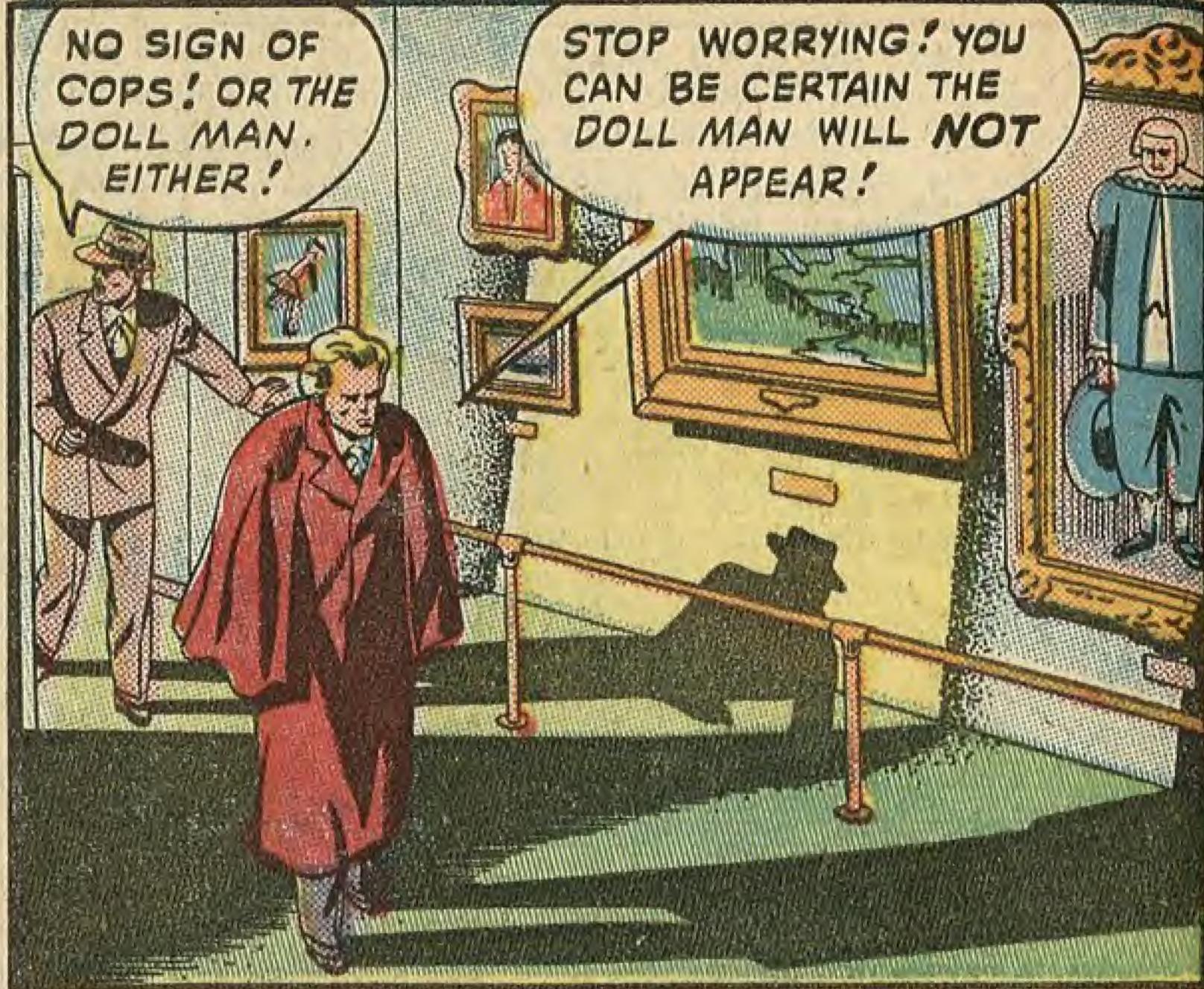
Later, outside the Stern art galleries...

SO FAR, SO GOOD!  
DID YOU SOLVE  
THAT LOCK,  
WHITEY?

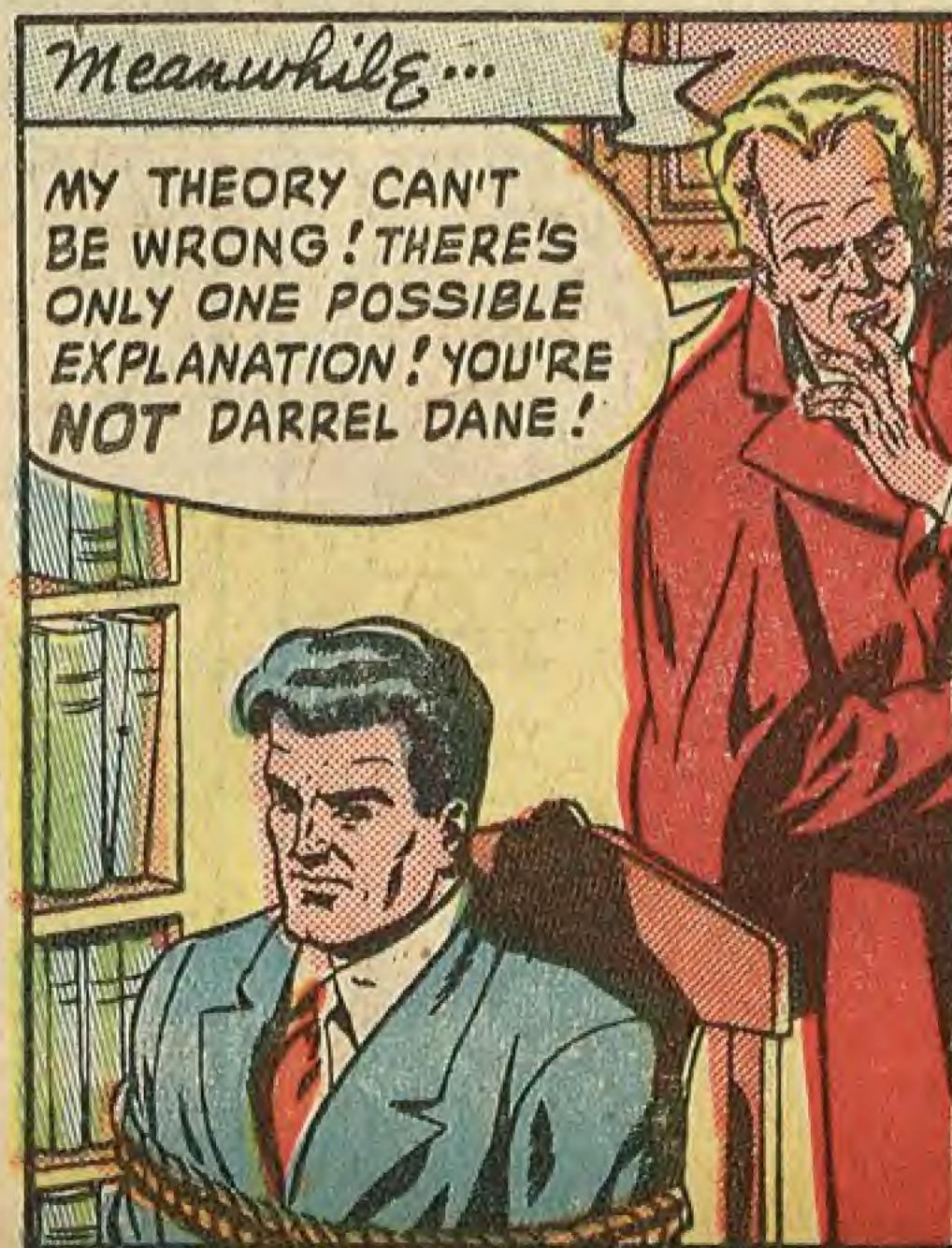
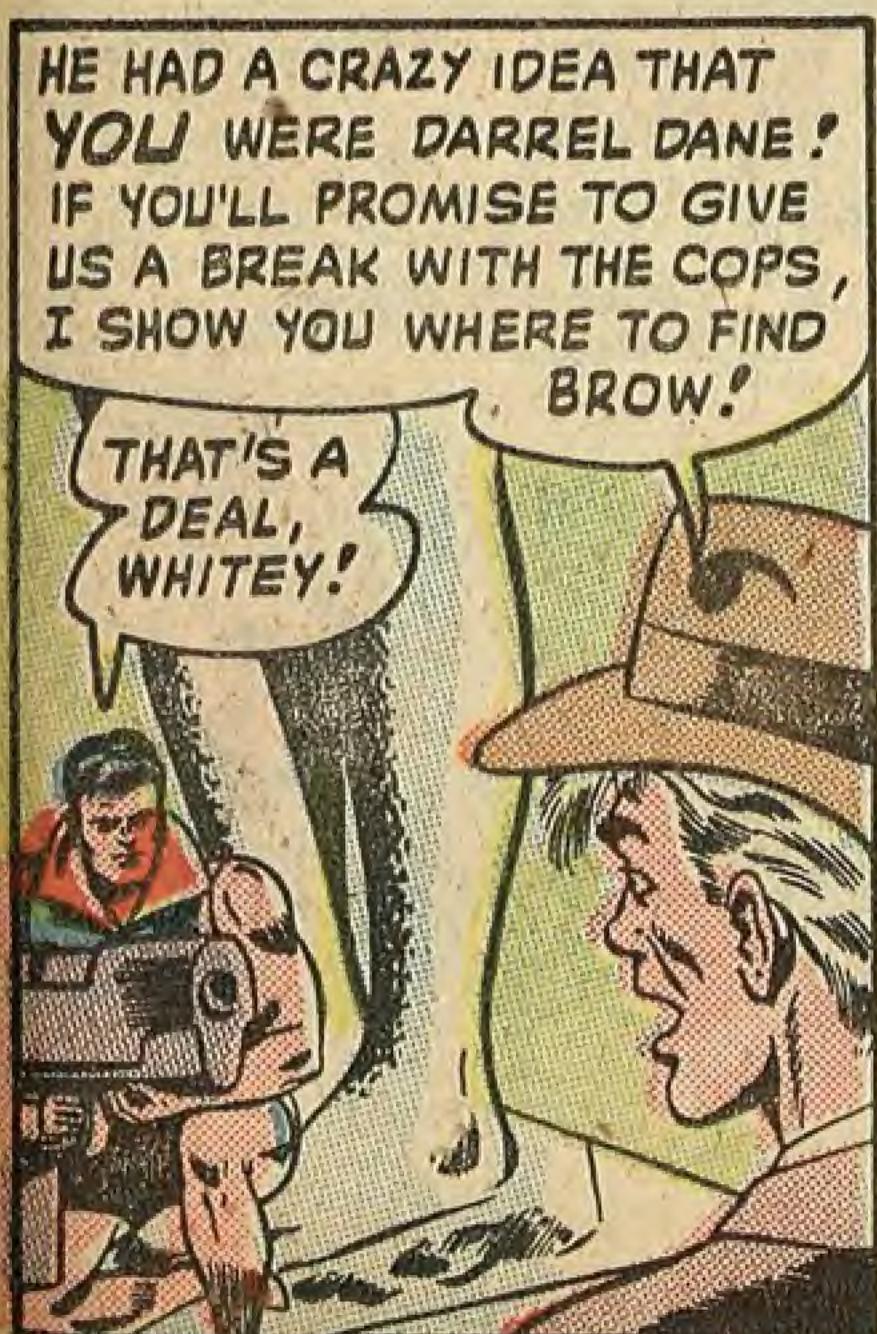
SURE!  
IT'S A  
CINCH!

NO SIGN OF  
COPS! OR THE  
DOLL MAN.  
EITHER!

STOP WORRYING! YOU  
CAN BE CERTAIN THE  
DOLL MAN WILL **NOT**  
APPEAR!

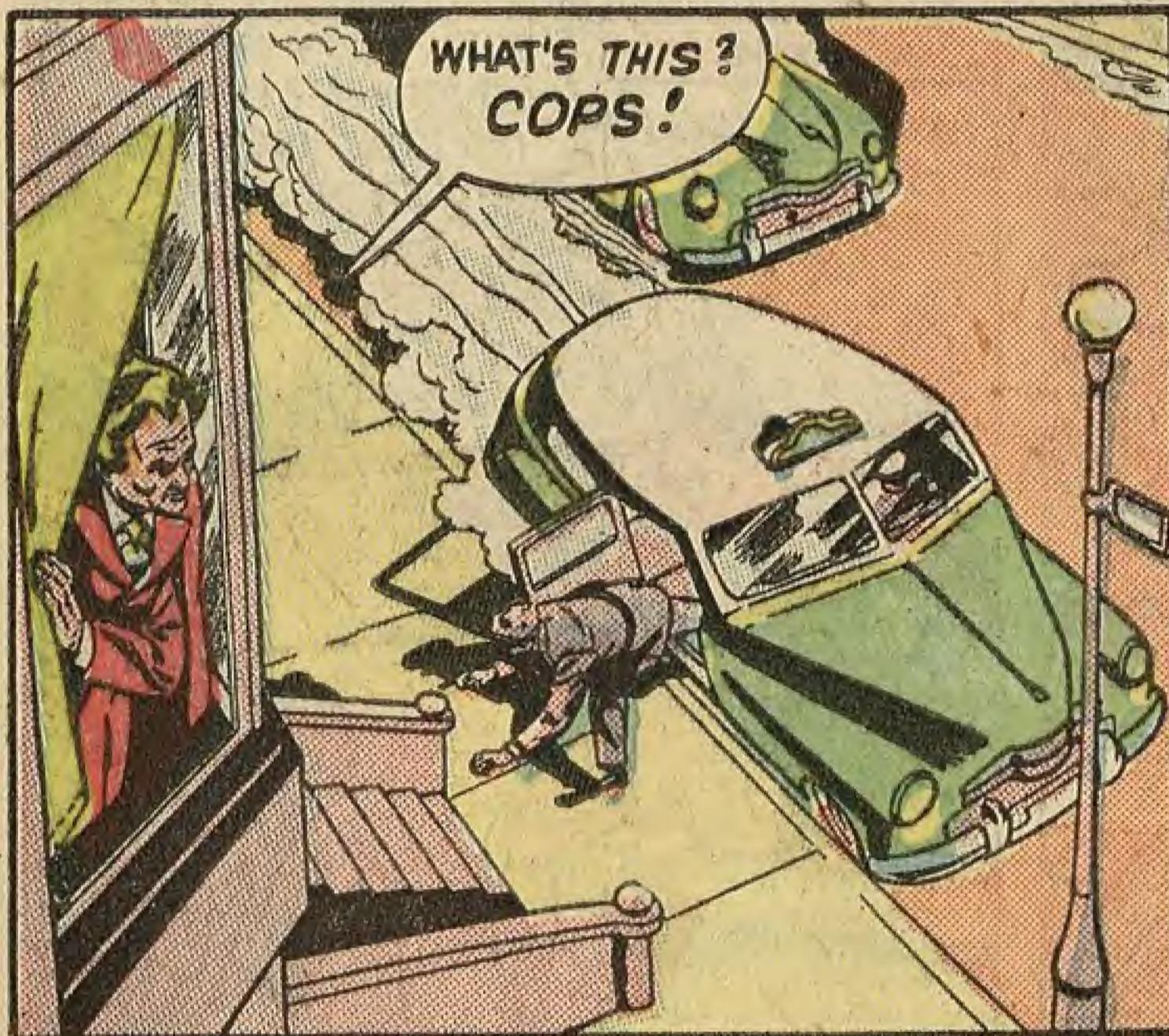
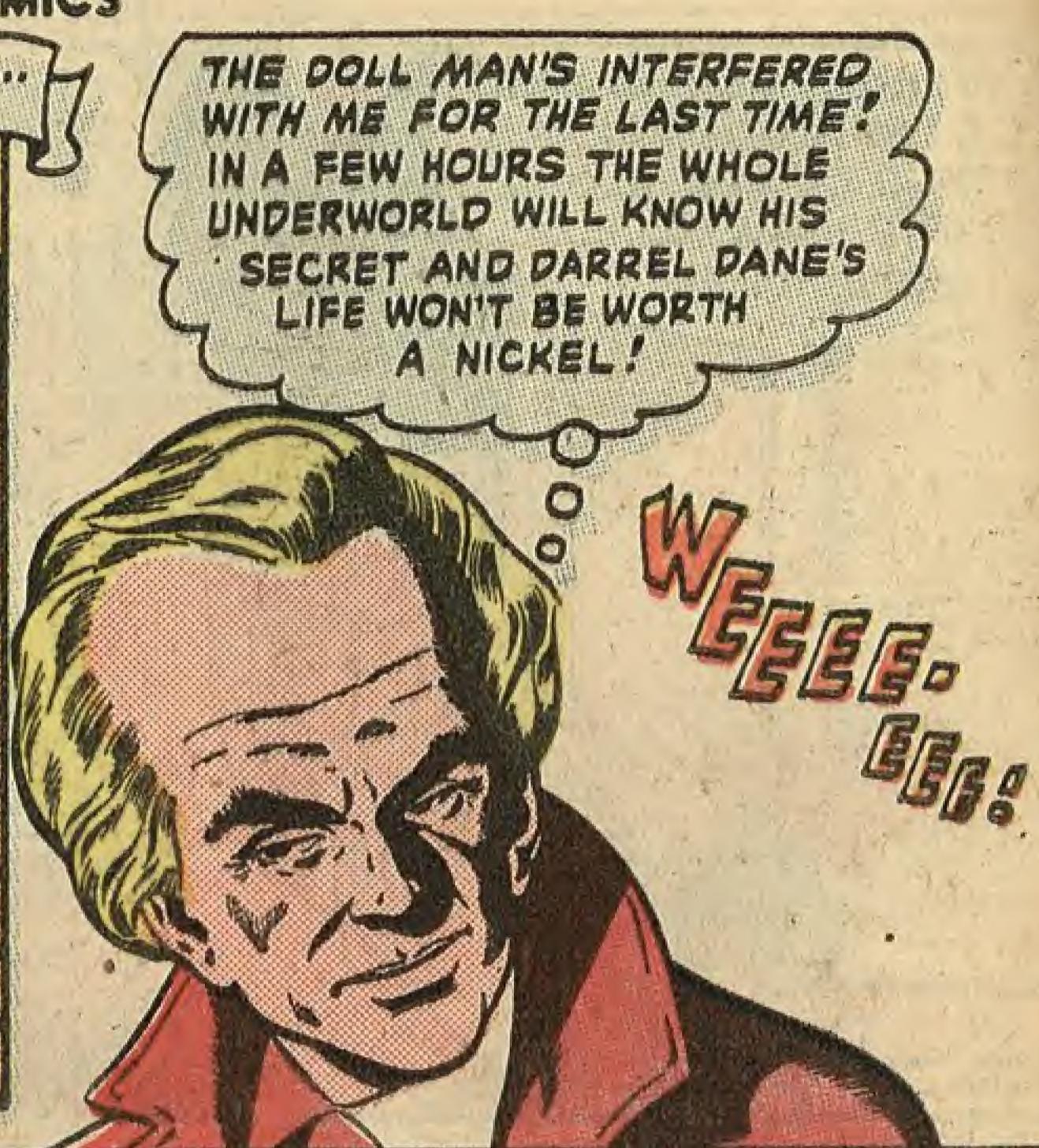


FEATURE COMICS

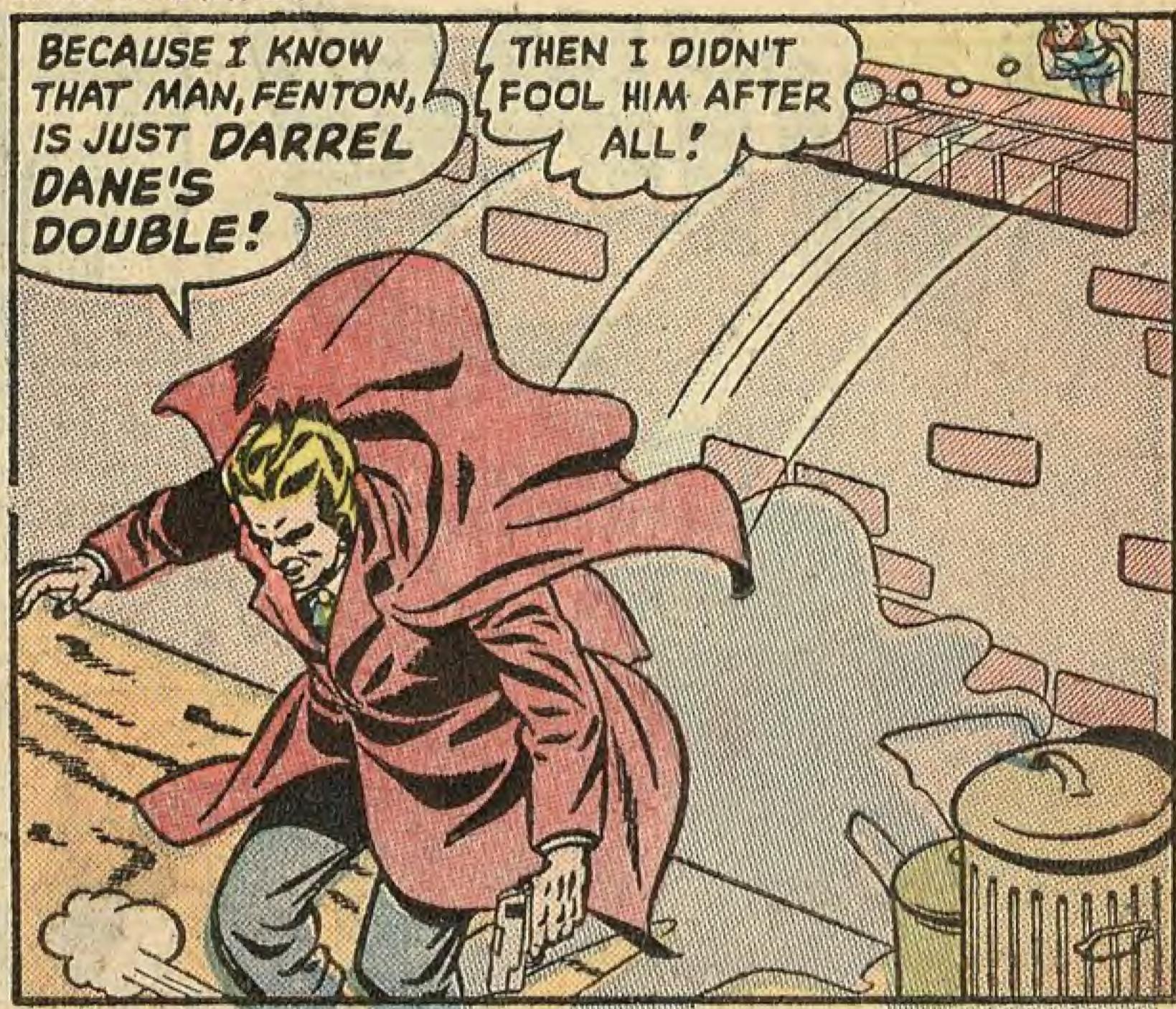


FEATURE COMICS

Quickly, Oliver Fenton relates the whole story...



FEATURE COMICS

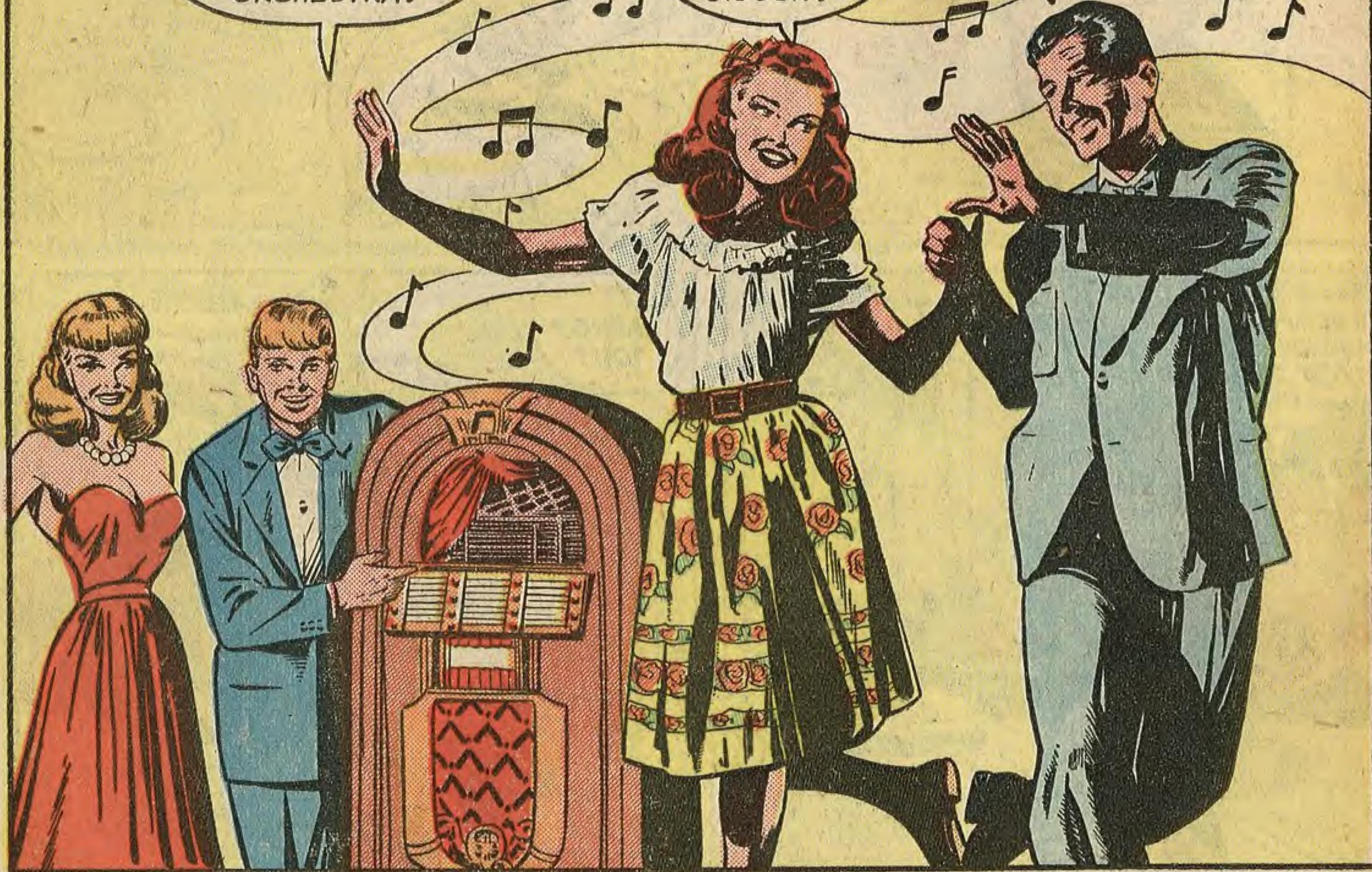


# SWING SISSON

PRESENTING THE  
TEEN-AGERS' NUMBER-  
ONE FAVORITE, SWING  
SISSON AND HIS  
ORCHESTRA!

HOW DO YOU  
LIKE DANCING  
TO YOUR OWN  
RECORDS, MR.  
SISSON?

LOLLY, IT'S  
STRICTLY IN  
THE GROOVE!



OKAY, GANG!  
TAKE FIVE!

GOOD! I CAN  
USE A BREATH  
OF FRESH AIR!

THERE  
HE IS  
NOW!

WILL  
YOU  
GIVE US  
YOUR  
AUTO-  
GRAPH?

YOUR  
PUBLIC  
AWAITS  
YOU,  
SWING!

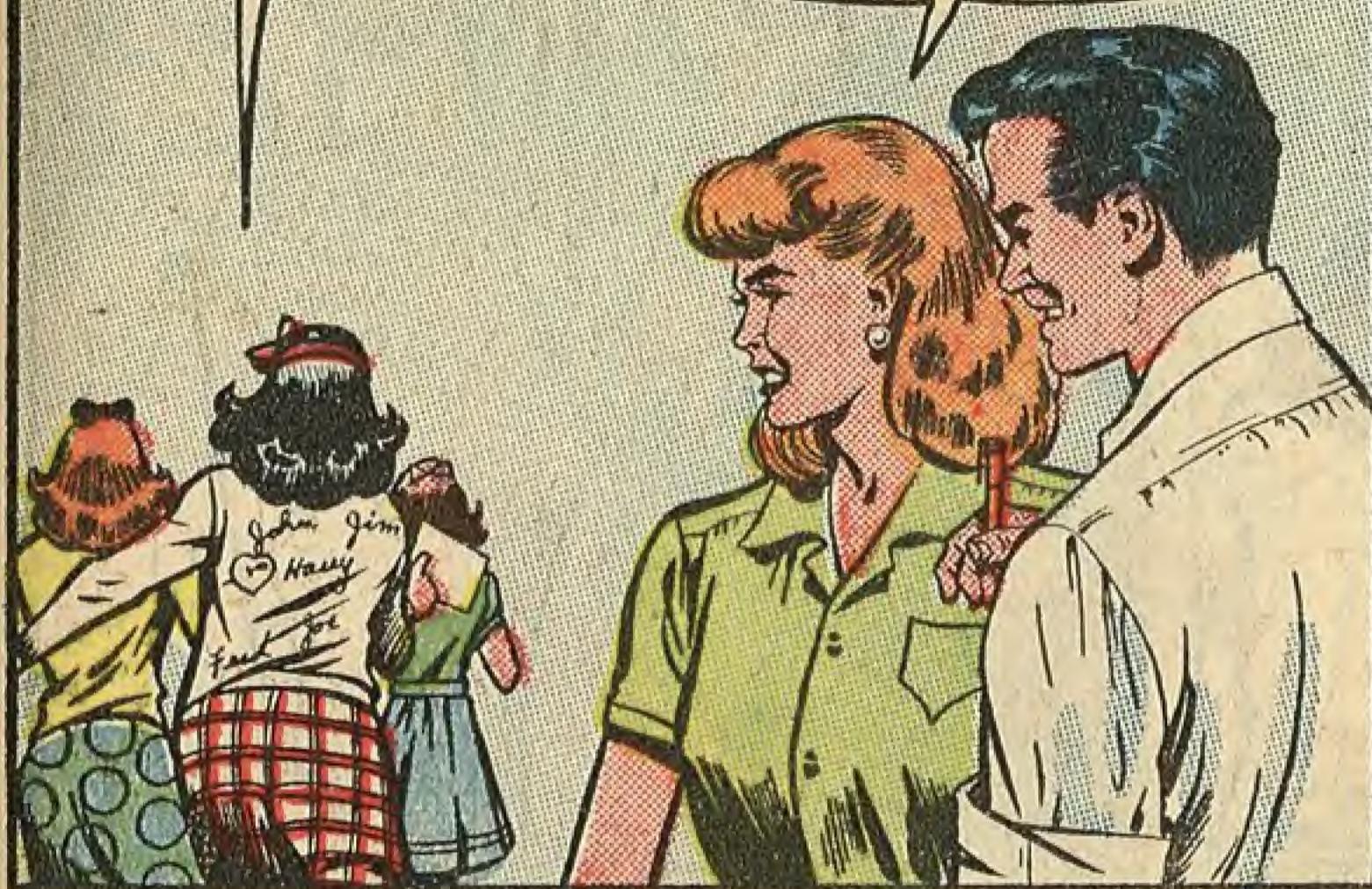
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY ALL  
YOUR PLATTERS AT OUR  
CLASS PRANCE  
NO  
SATURDAY! YOU'RE KIDDING?  
OUR JUKE-BOX  
I'M  
JOY BOY!  
FLATTERED!



FEATURE COMICS

LET'S HOP TO THE SIP SHOPPE, CHICKS! AND JOIN THE JOES!

THOSE TEENERS CAN CERTAINLY POUR OUT A LINE OF PATTER! AND I LOVE EVERY BIT OF IT!



WELL, COME ALONG, JOY BOY! SUCH POPULARITY MEANS PRACTICE!

WAIT! HERE'S A GIRL WE MISSED! LET'S HAVE YOUR BOOK, HONEY! SISSON LOVES TO GIVE OUT WITH THE SIGNATURE!



I DIDN'T COME FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. SISSON! I OFTEN STAND OUT HERE AND LISTEN TO YOUR MUSIC! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!

MIND? OF COURSE NOT! WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE AND LISTEN? ER... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



IT.. IT'S LOLITA! AND I'D LOVE TO COME IN BUT I HAVEN'T TIME NOW! WOULD... WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I CAME TOMORROW?

SURE THING, LOLLY! I'LL TELL THE DOOR MAN TO LET YOU IN! REMEMBER, THAT'S A DATE!



A DATE! OH, GOLLY! WITH SWING SISSON!



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG, SWING! THAT GIRL BELONGS WITH THOSE OTHERS, HAVING FUN!

MAYBE SHE'D RATHER BE ALONE! SOME PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT, BONNIE!



BUT IT'S NOT NORMAL AT HER AGE! SHE...

PARDON ME, MR. SISSON, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH! WILL YOU PUT IT ON MY COAT SO EVERYONE CAN SEE?



FEATURE COMICS

After school the next day...

WELL, SLAP MY TRAP!  
PIPE LOLITA'S LAPEL!  
I DO BELIEVE SHE'S  
GETTING HEP!

WHAT IS  
IT? LET  
ME SEE!

LOLLY,  
HUH?

WOW!



I'M GOING TO ASK  
HER TO JOIN THE  
GROUP! HEY, LOLITA,  
DO YOU WANT TO  
FLIP A FRAPPE  
WITH US?

I... I'D LIKE  
TO, GIRLS,  
BUT I  
CAN'T! I...  
I... GULP...

...I HAVE  
A DATE WITH  
SWING  
SISSON!

OH, NO! PARDON  
ME WHILE I  
SWOON, GOONS!

WHAT?

NOW WAIT,  
GATE! WE'RE  
NOT SUCKERS  
ENOUGH TO  
SWALLOW  
THAT LINE!

I'LL... I'LL  
PROVE IT!  
COME ALONG  
AND SEE FOR  
YOURSSELVES!



I'M LOLLY!  
MR. SISSON'S  
EXPECTING  
ME!

THAT HE IS!  
GO RIGHT IN,  
MISS!

BOX MY EARS  
AND CALL ME  
SQUARE!  
IT'S TRUE!

WELL, HERE'S OUR  
LITTLE... UH, OH!  
I KNEW THERE WAS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG!

:SOB:  
:SOB:



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

Saturday...  
AM I DOING ALL  
RIGHT, TOBY?

SUGAR, YOU'LL KNOCK  
'EM DEAD! YOU'RE REET  
SWEET WITH A HEP  
STEP!

OKAY, GANG!  
GET DRESSED  
AND MEET WHERE  
WE PLANNED IN TWO  
HOURS!

COME ALONG,  
LOLLY, AND START  
GETTING READY!  
WE WANT TO HAVE  
PLENTY OF TIME  
FOR IT!

BONNIE, I  
FEEL AS IF  
I'M GOING  
TO CRY!

GOOD GRIEF, DON'T!  
AFTER ALL THIS, YOU CAN'T  
GO TO THE DANCE  
WITH RED, SWOLLEN  
EYES!

WELL, HOW  
DO YOU LIKE  
IT?

WOWIE! WHAT A  
DREAMBOAT!

YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL  
PEOPLE! I  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO THANK  
YOU!

DON'T TRY!  
JUST HAVE A  
GOOD TIME!  
WE'LL--ER--  
BE SEEING  
YOU!

WILL YOU TAKE MY  
ARM, LOLLY? I'M YOUR  
ESCORT TO THE  
DANCE!

WHAT? OH,  
GOLLY, MR.  
SISSON! I--  
I THINK I'M  
GOING TO  
FAINT!

Soon...

WELL, HERE  
WE ARE! I  
HAVEN'T BEEN TO  
A DANCE IN A  
SCHOOL GYM  
IN YEARS!

DO YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT?  
I'VE  
NEVER  
BEEN!

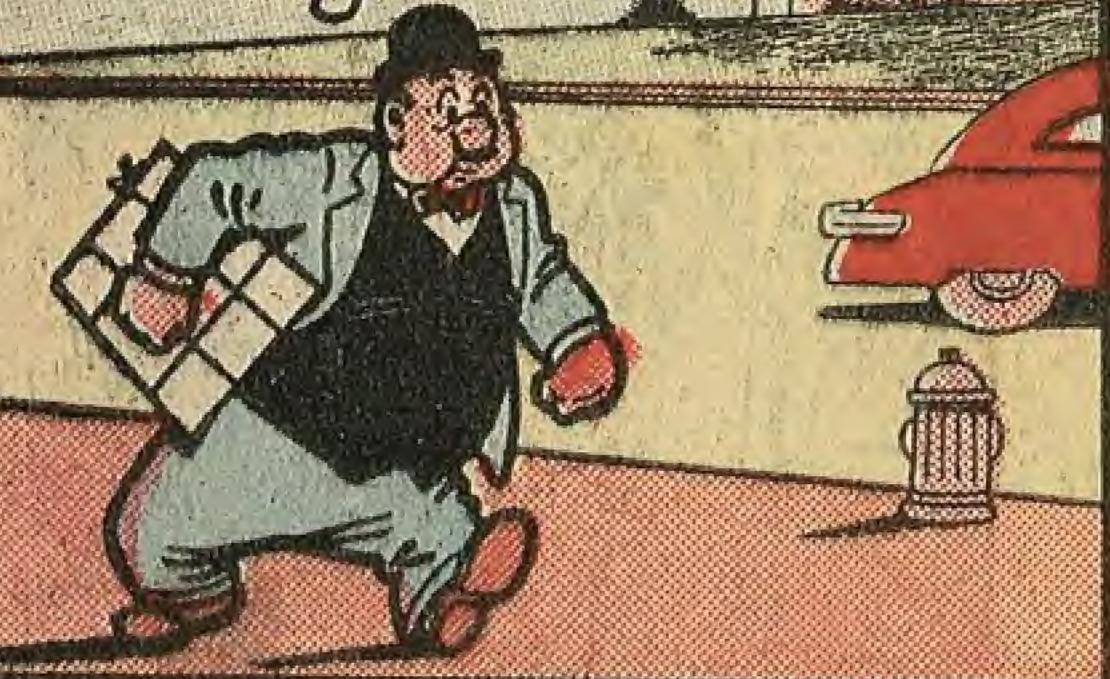
GYMNASIUM

FEATURE COMICS

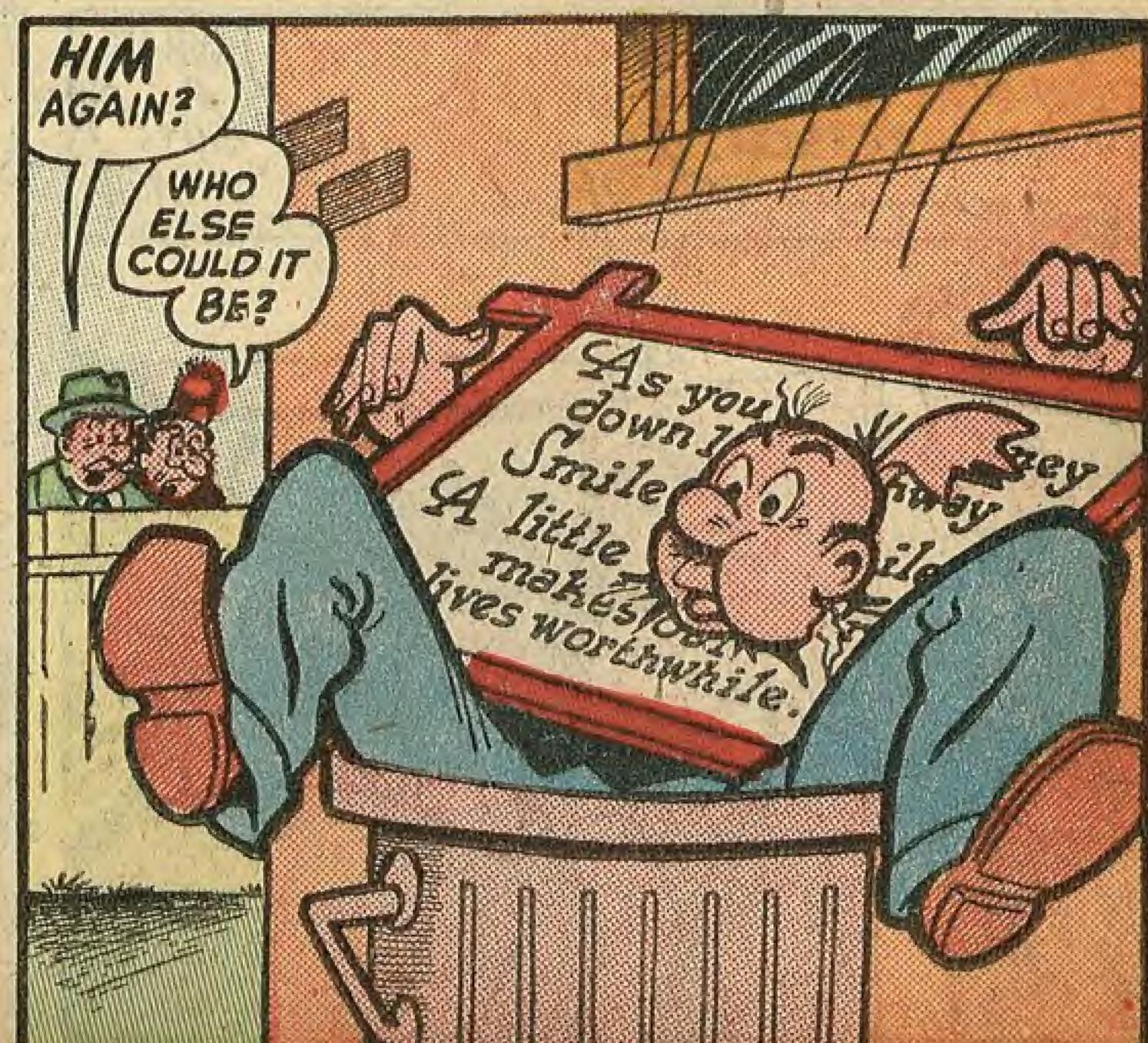
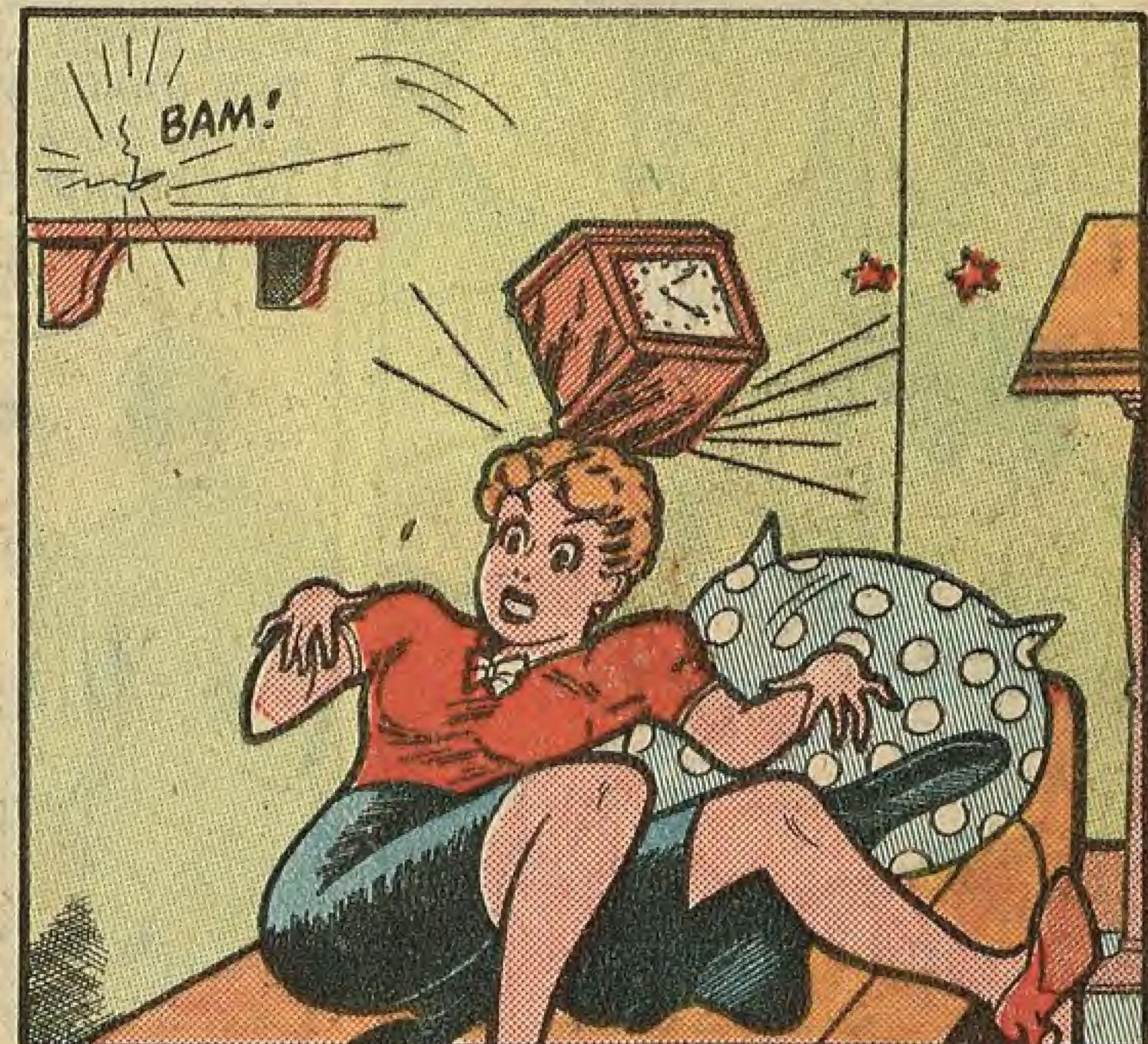
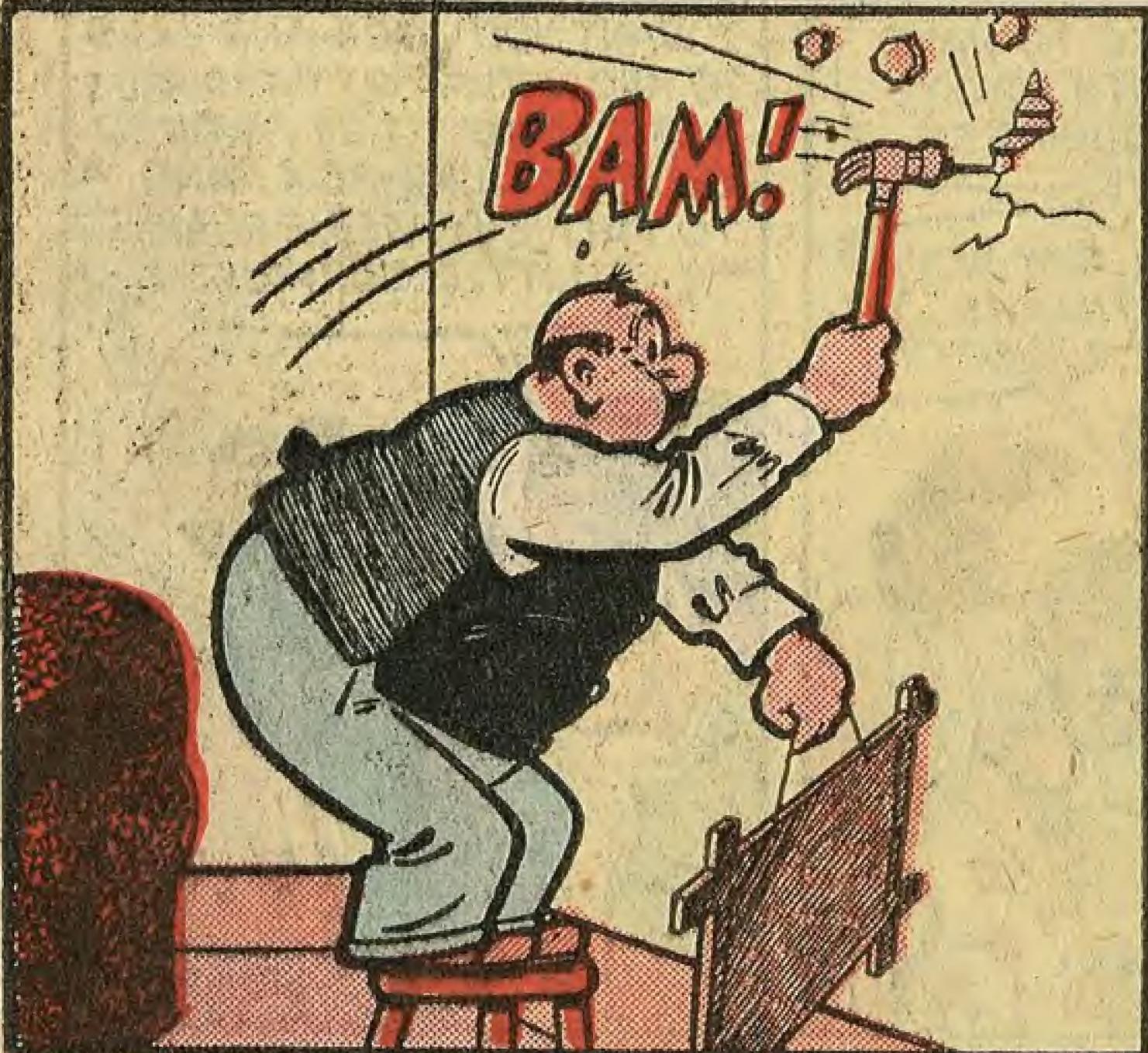


# LALA PALOOZA

I THINK I'LL TRY A  
LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY  
AND SEE IF I CAN SNAP  
LALA OUT OF THAT  
GROUCH SHE'S HAD!



THIS PRETTY THING  
OUGHTA PUT EVEN  
LALA IN A GOOD MOOD...  
AND MAYBE CAUSE HER  
TO UP MY ALLOWANCE  
A BUCK OR SO  
A WEEK!



# LALA PALOOZA

BAH! YOU KILL-JOY! I PROMISED I WAS GONNA TAKE YOU APART ON SIGHT AND NOW YOU SHOW UP WITH A BUSTED FLIPPER!

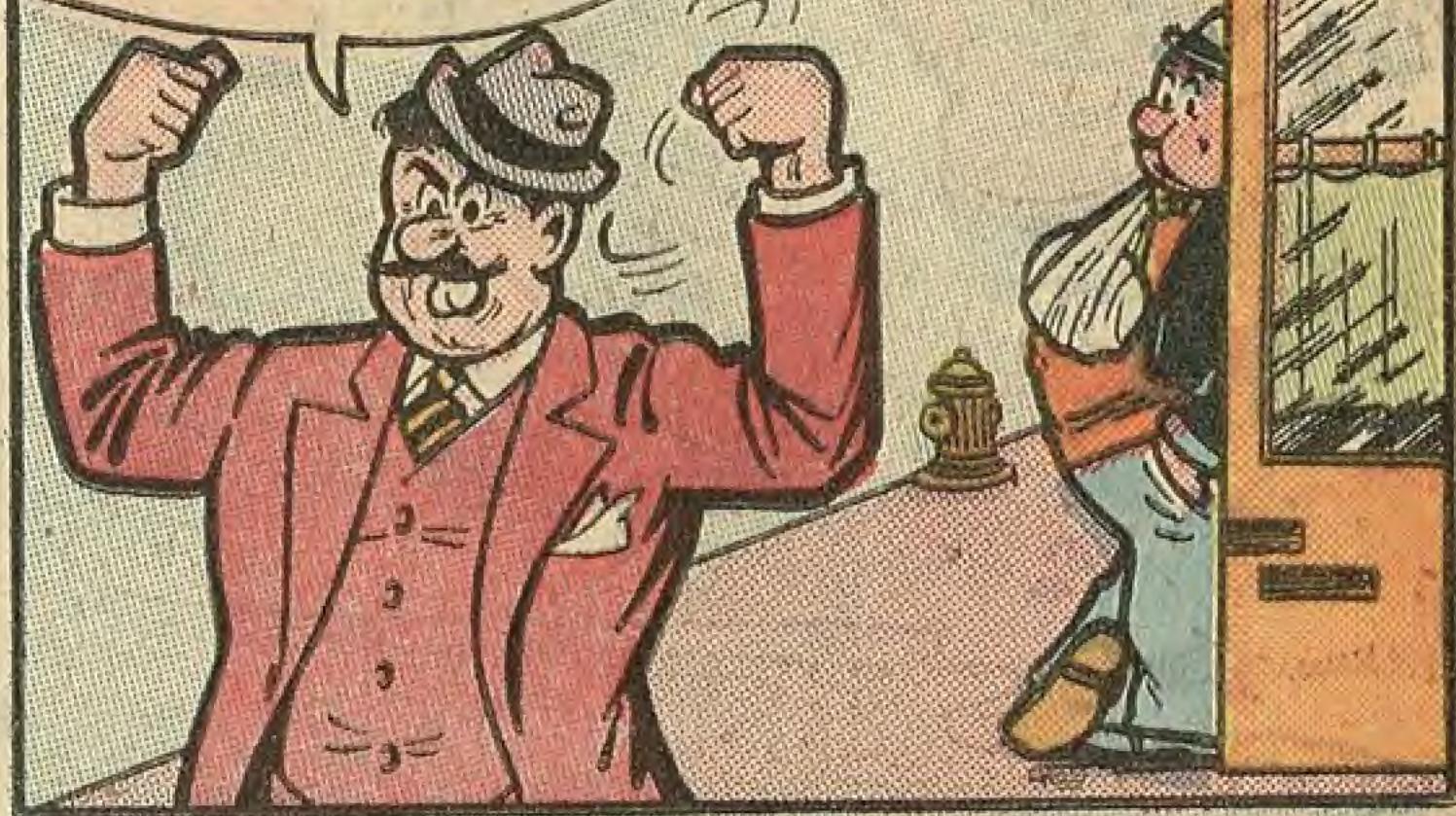
A TRIPLE FRACTURE, ALAS!



YOU SELFISH LOUT! YOU WOULD BREAK AN ARM AND GET HELPLESS JUST WHEN I WANTED TO SOCK YOU!

HELPLESS LIKE PARALYZED, PETE!

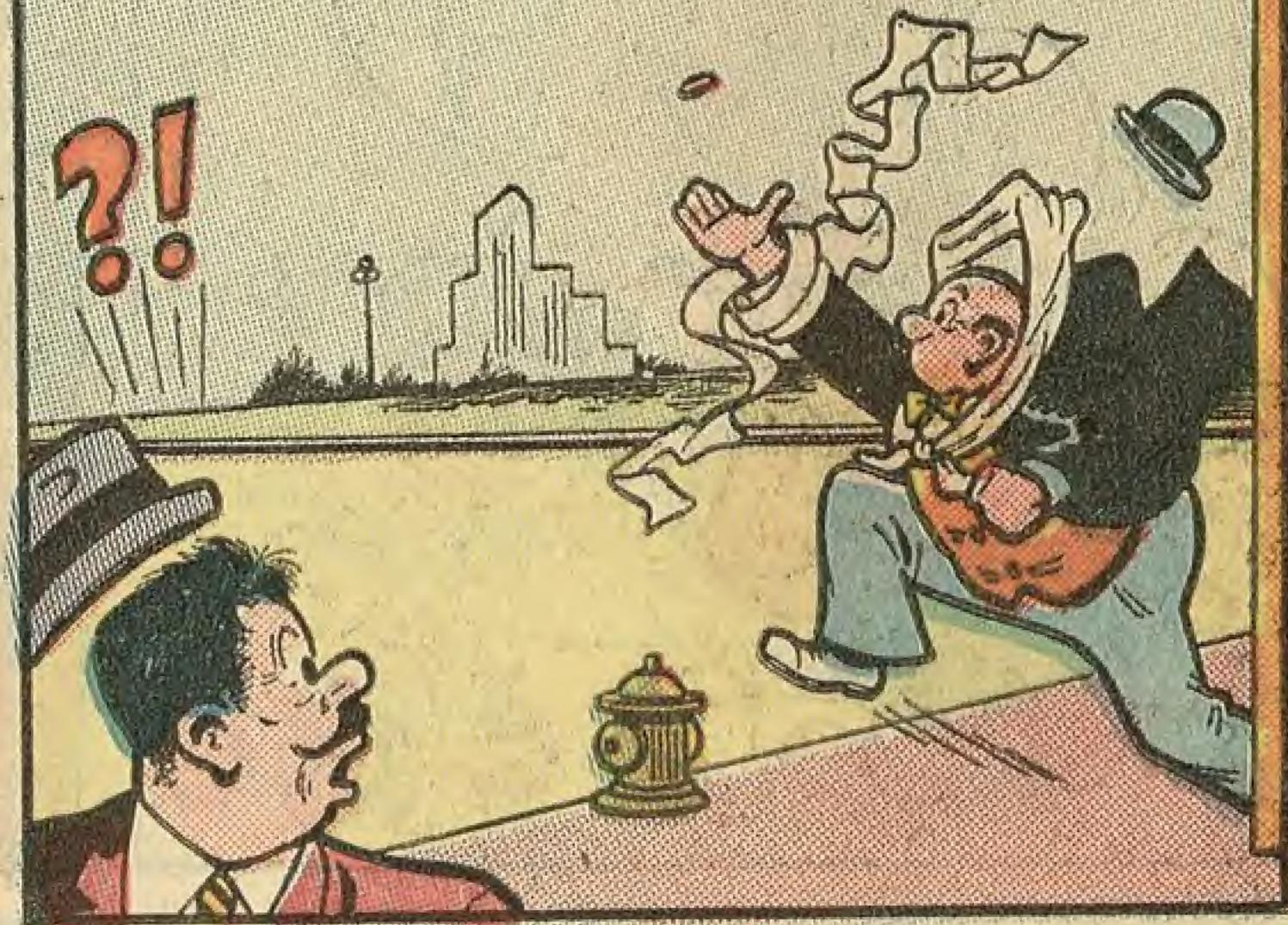
PI



HI, VINCE... HERE'S THE HALF BUCK I OWE YOU!



?



WELL... WELL... WELL...

ER... THAT IS...



Later...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO FAKE A BROKEN ARM!

WHO'S FAKING?



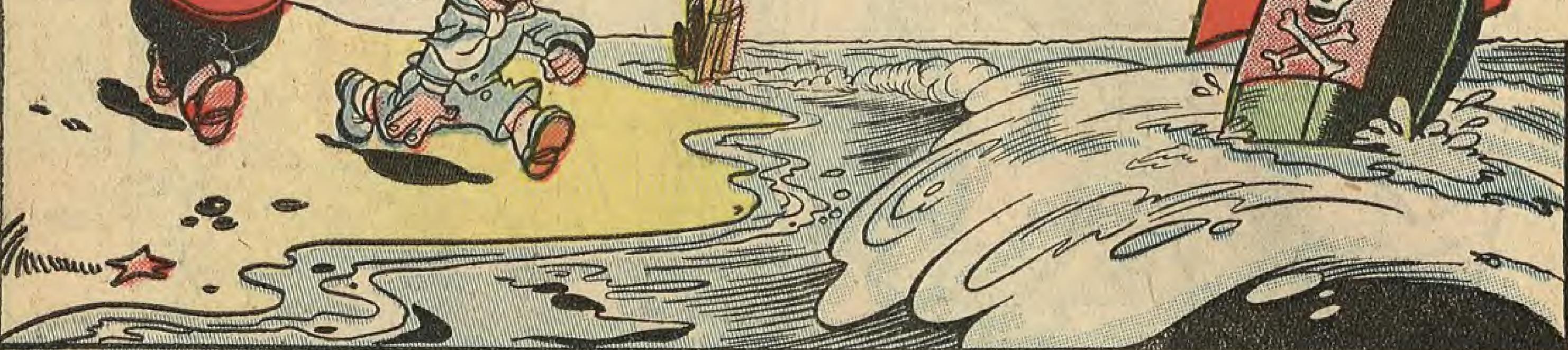
FEATURE COMICS

GOLLY! THE OCEAN'S WASHED UP A BOTTLE! THAT MEANS ANOTHER QUARTER FROM CAP'N JONES!

YEP! THE ROCKY POINT SALVAGE BUSINESS IS BEGINNING TO PAY OFF, JIMMY!

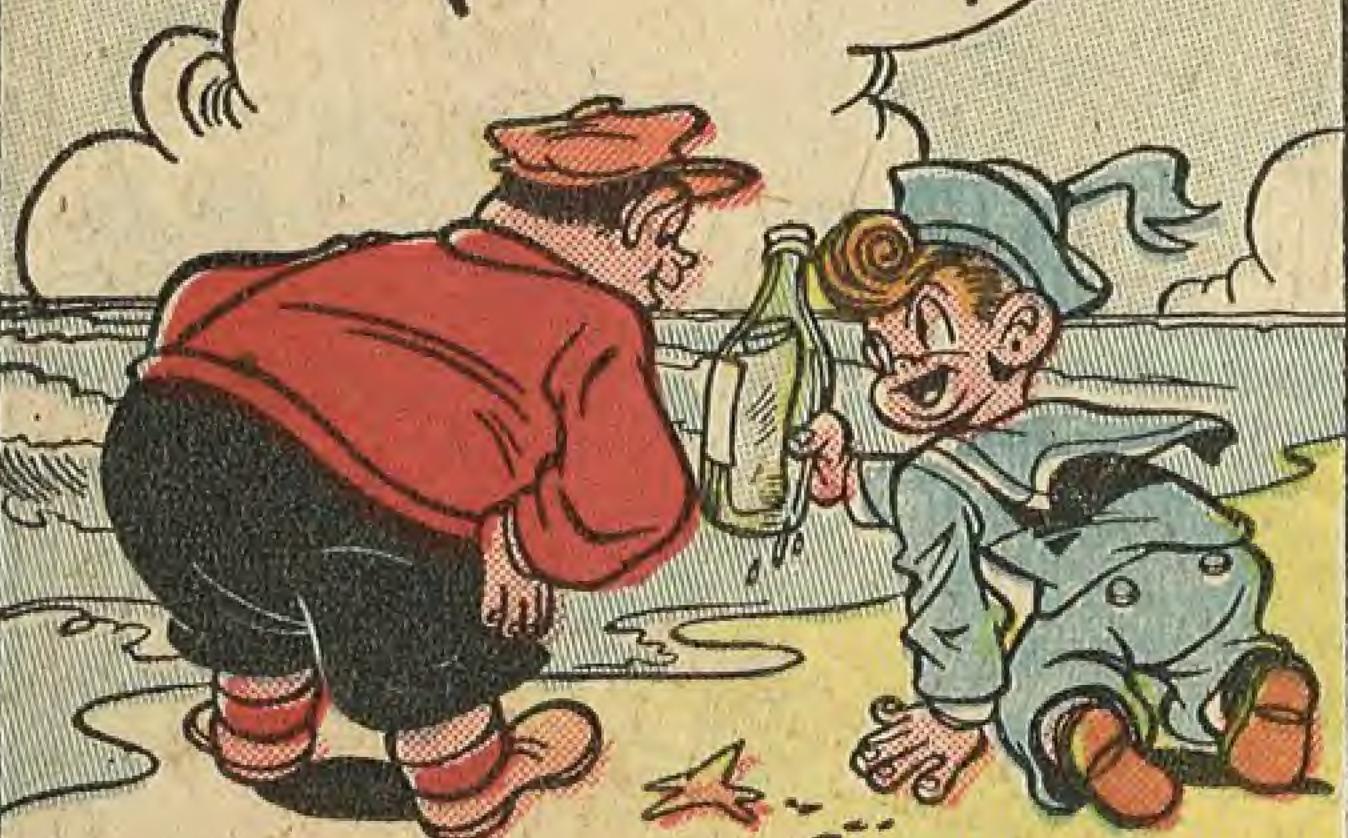


# BLIMPY!



WOW! THIS ONE HAS A MESSAGE IN IT!

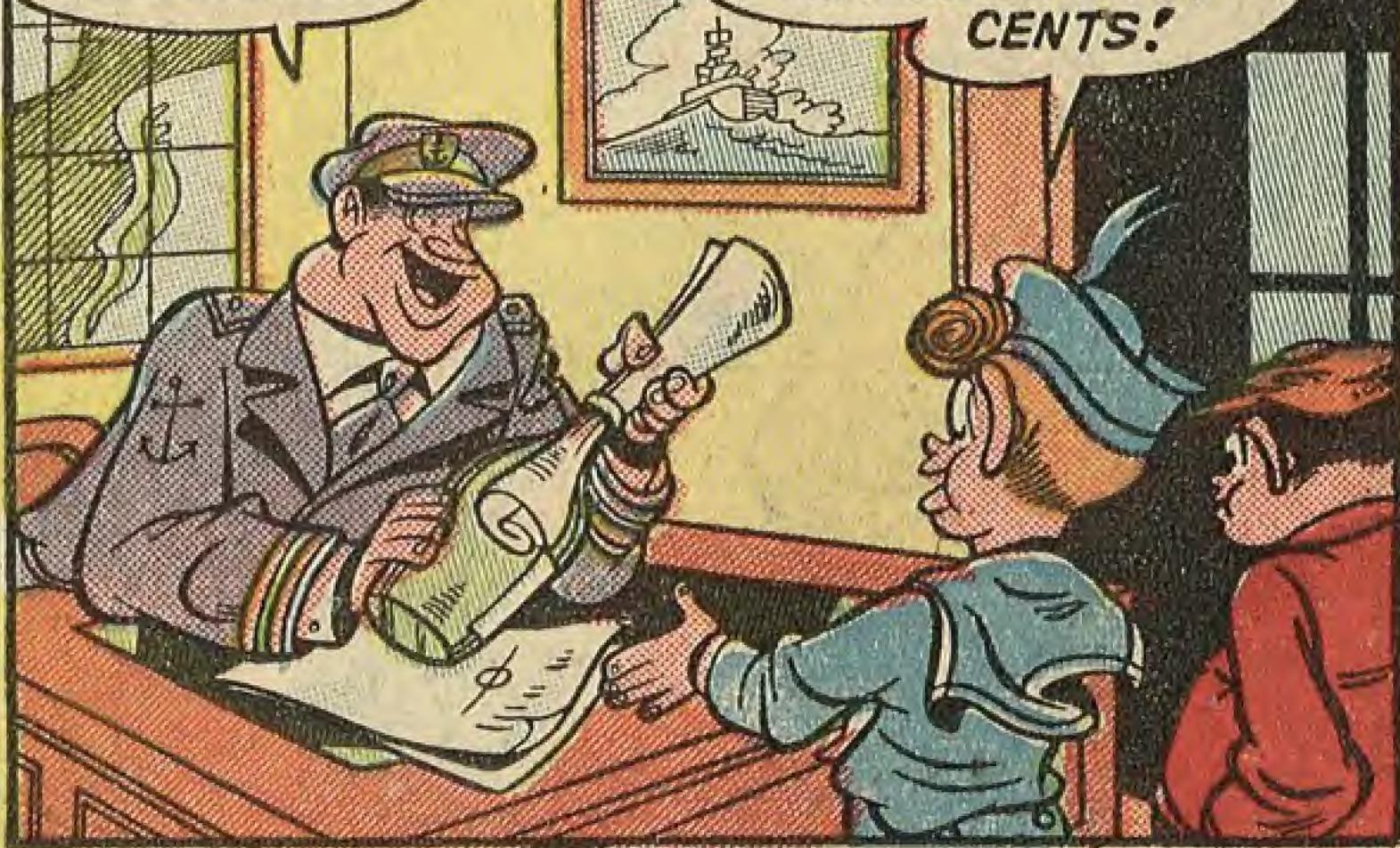
YEAH... IT OUGHTA BE WORTH AN EXTRA TWO BITS!



At the office of Cap'n Jones...

GOOD WORK, BOYS! THIS LOOKS MIGHTY INTERESTING!

BEFORE YOU READ THE MESSAGE, CAP'N... THAT'LL BE FIFTY CENTS!



BOYS, THIS ONE'S WORTH A DOLLAR! IT SAYS THERE'S GOLD OFF ROCKY POINT! WE'VE GOT TO DIVE FOR IT BEFORE THE OTHER SALVAGE COMPANIES FIND OUT!

GEE!

LONDON, 1699  
Two miles south of Rocky Point you will find the last of my buried treasure... a chest with pieces of eight.

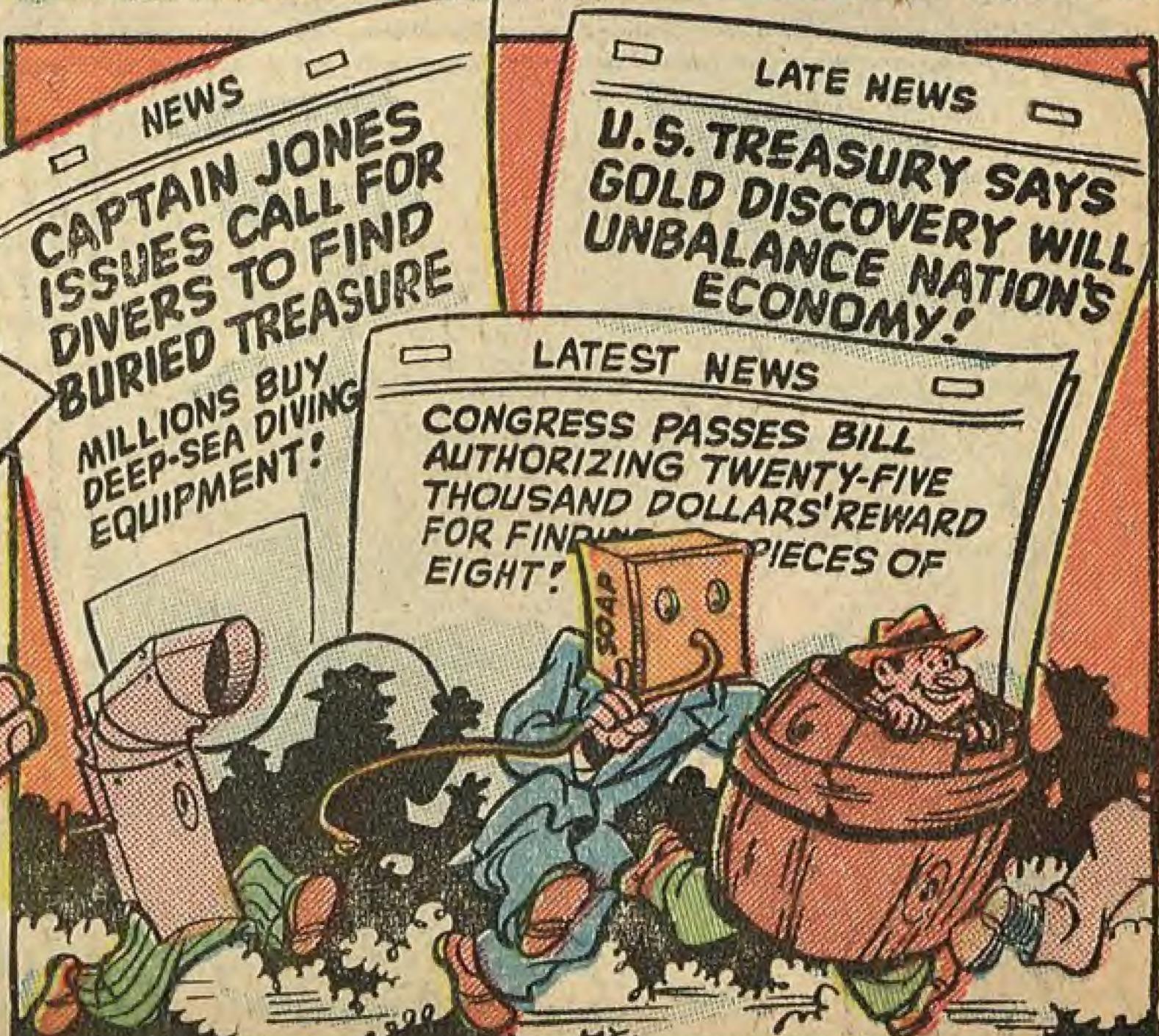
signed  
Captain Kidd

NEWS  
CAPTAIN JONES ISSUES CALL FOR DIVERS TO FIND BURIED TREASURE

MILLIONS BUY DEEP-SEA DIVING EQUIPMENT!

LATE NEWS  
U.S. TREASURY SAYS GOLD DISCOVERY WILL UNBALANCE NATION'S ECONOMY!

LATEST NEWS  
CONGRESS PASSES BILL AUTHORIZING TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS' REWARD FOR FINDING PIECES OF EIGHT!



FEATURE COMICS

As diving hopefuls try out for the job...

GOLD!

HOORAH!  
THAR'S GOLD  
IN THEM THAR  
WATERS!

BLUB: GOLD!

KLUMP!  
KLUMP!

OH... OH!

SWIM FOR YOUR  
LIVES, BOYS!  
BLIMPY'S  
DIVING  
TOO!

PFFTT!

SPLASH!

OMIGOSH!  
H-HE'S NOT  
C-COMING UP!

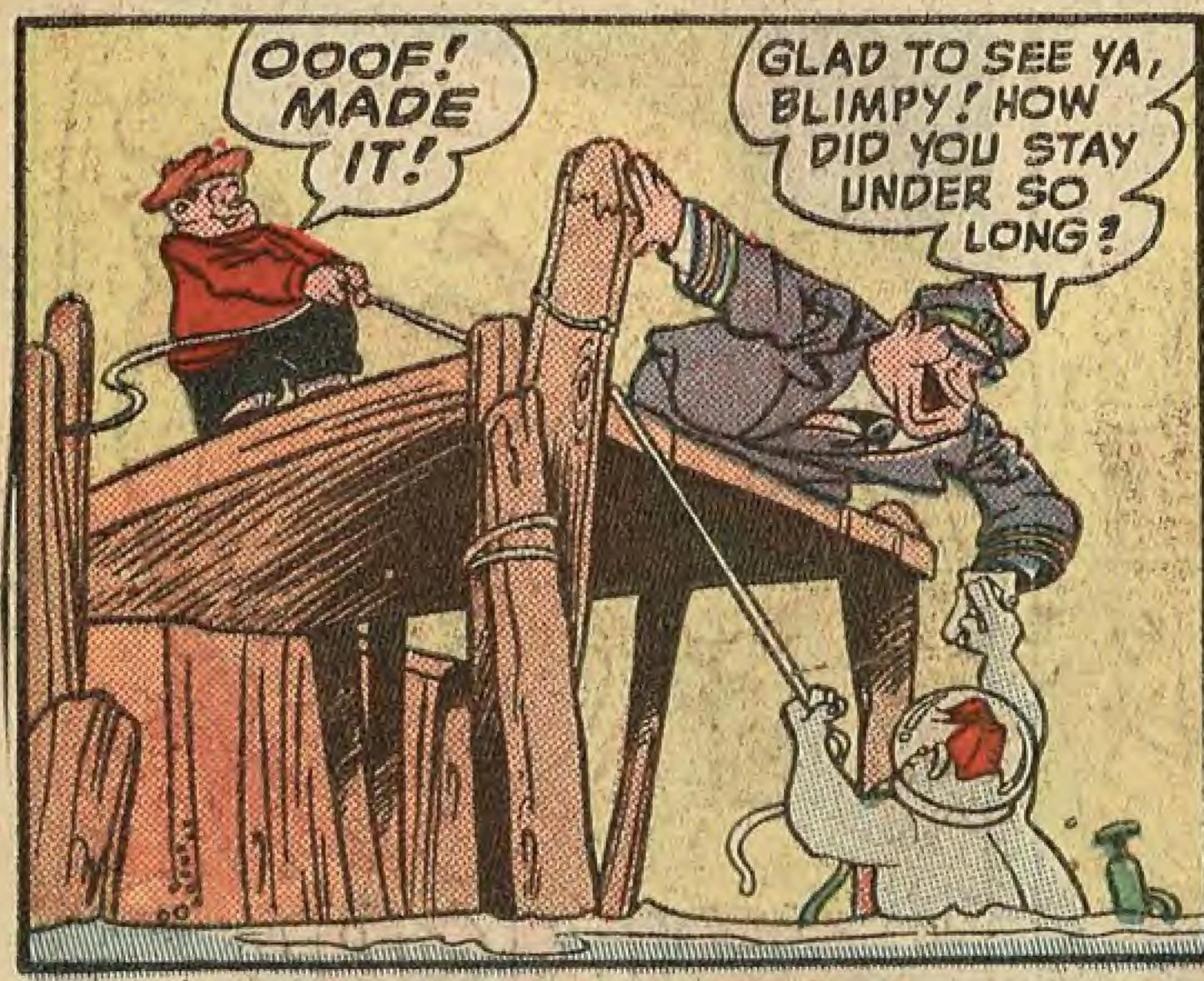
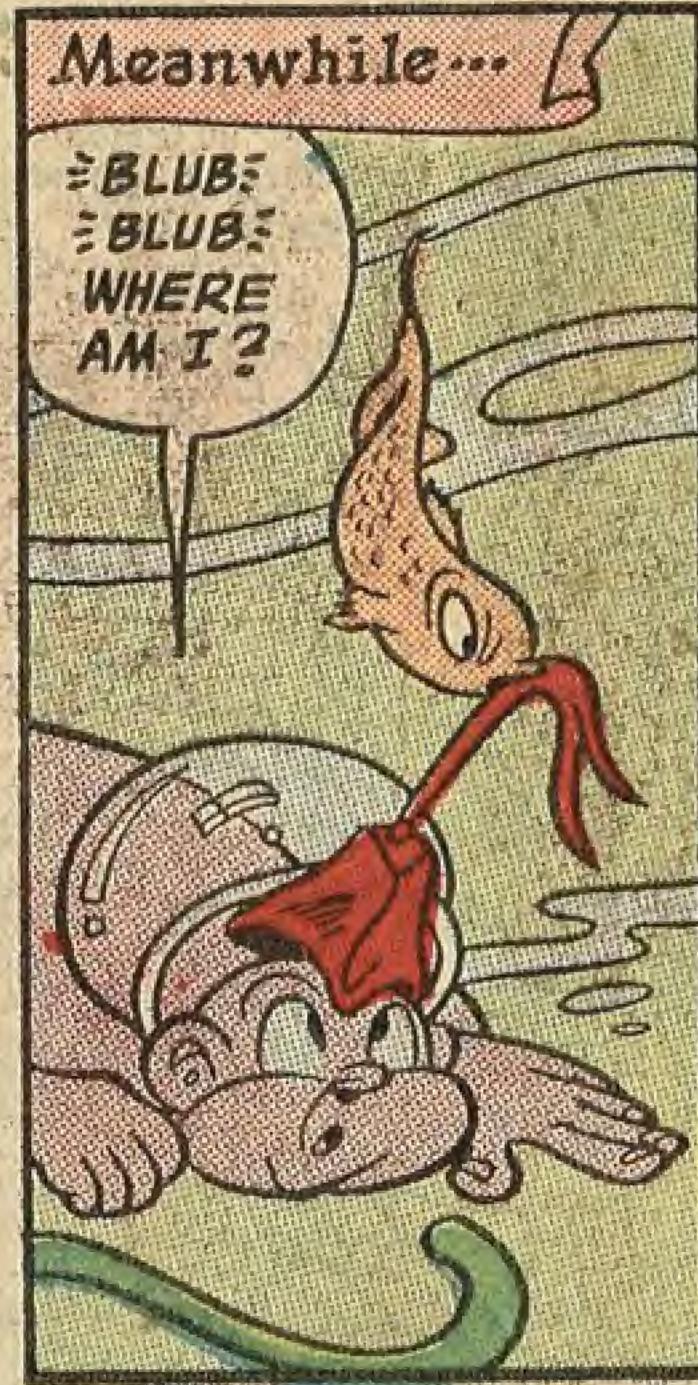
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BLUB:

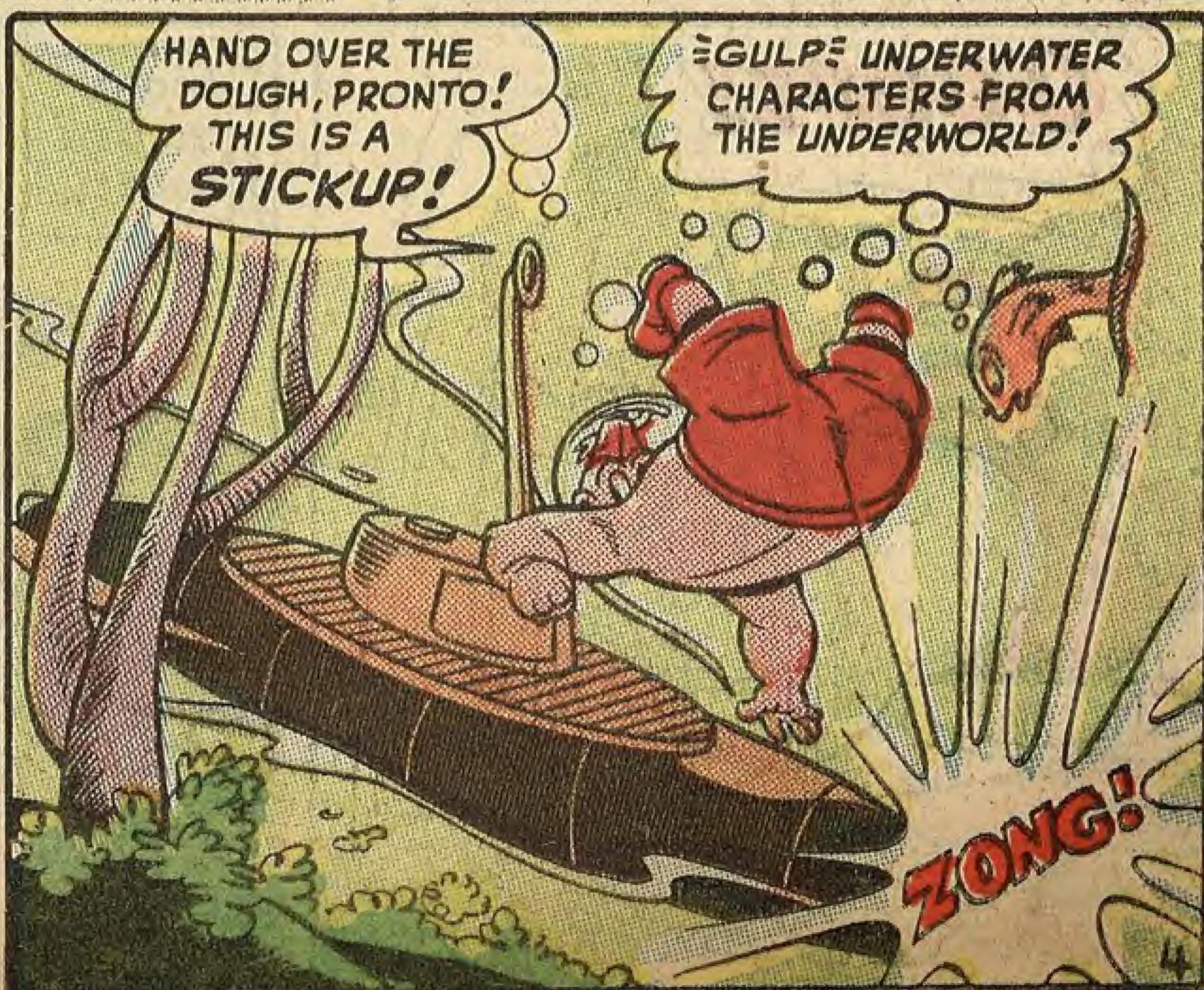
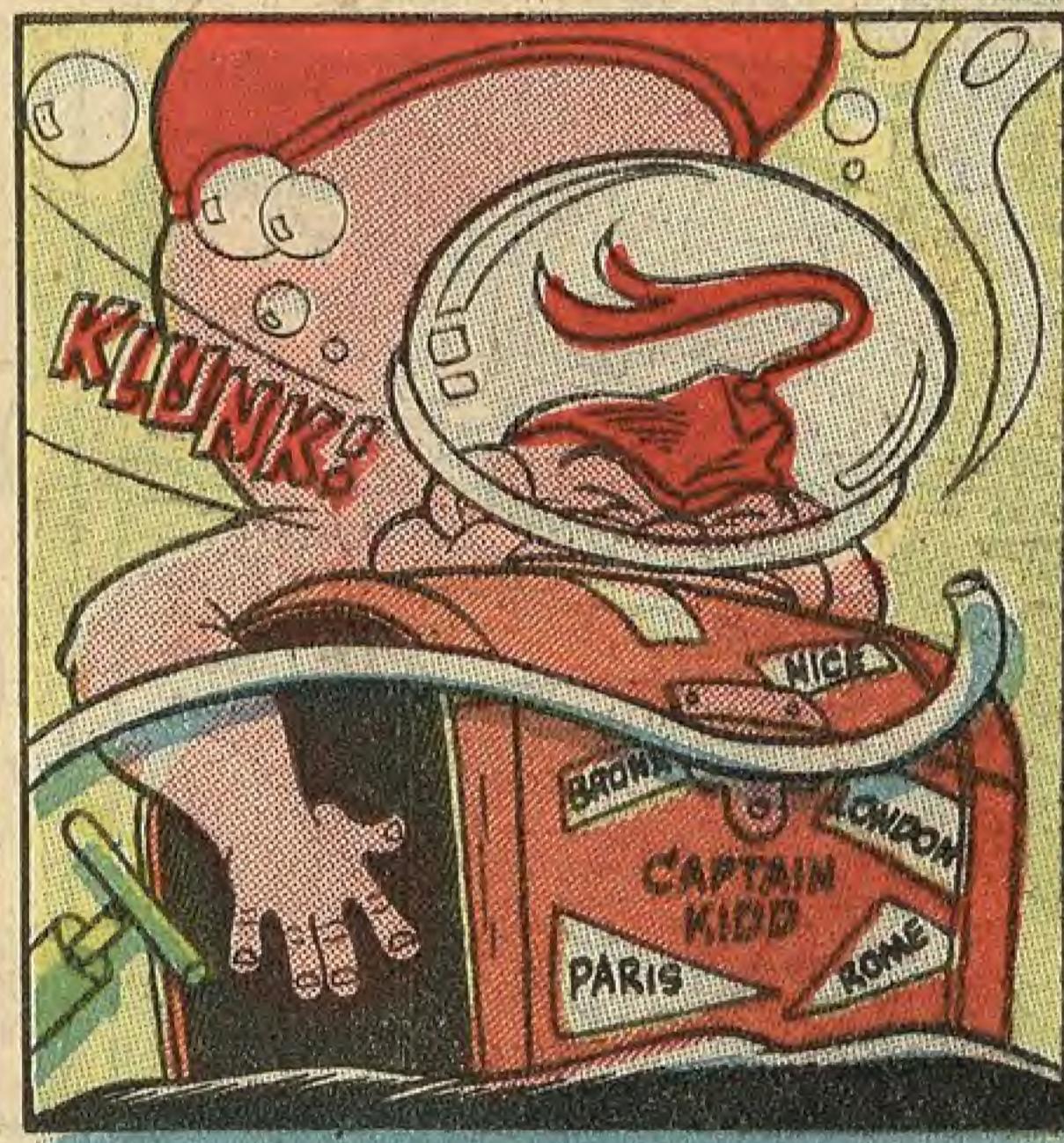
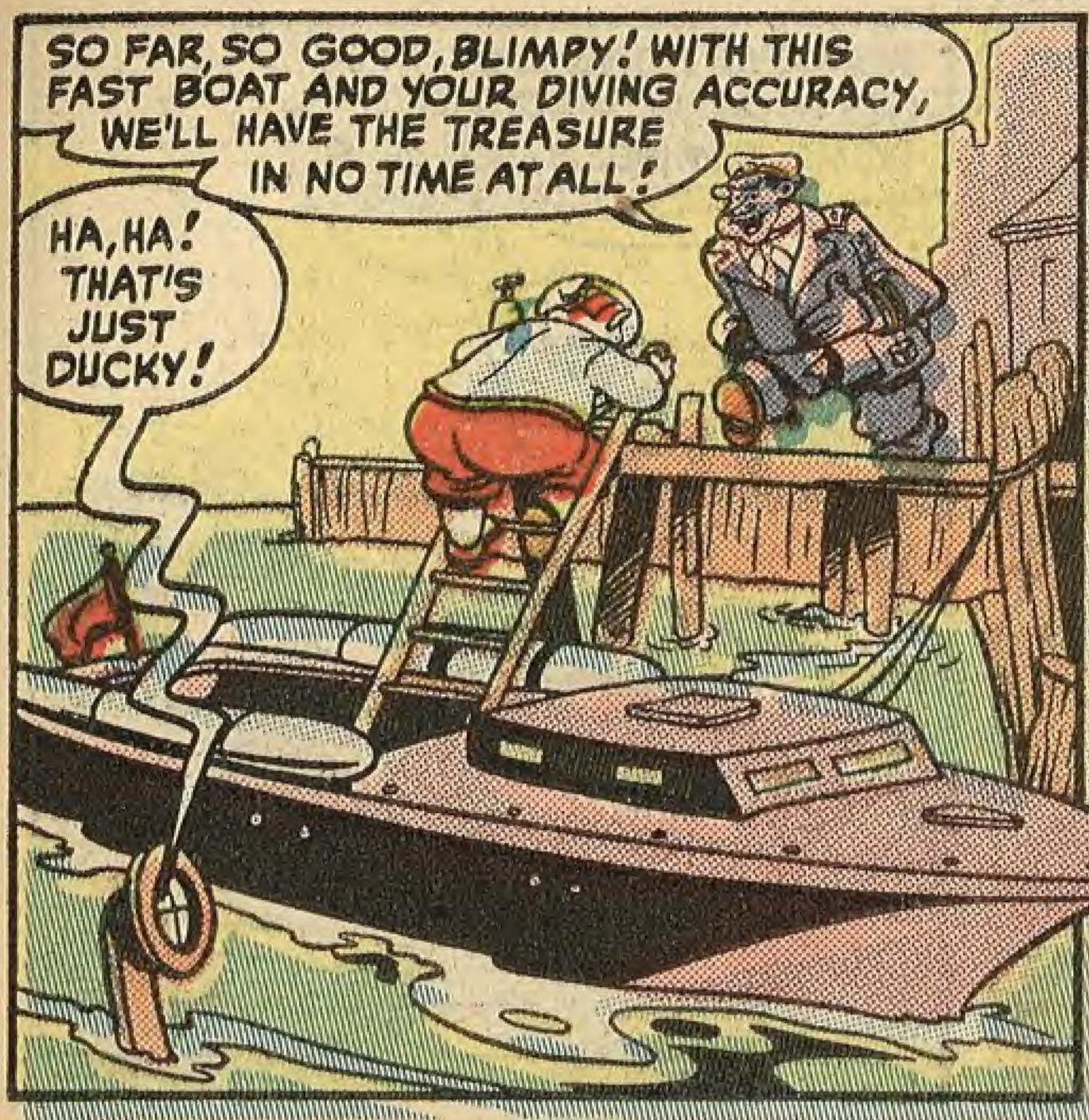
PFFTT!  
PFFT!  
PFT!

BLUB

## FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS

TRYING TO STEAL GOVERN-  
MENT PROPERTY, EH? THERE!  
NOW YOU CAN'T SEE WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!

HEY!

HE'S **BLINDED** US, MIKE!  
WE'VE GOT TO **SHAKE**  
**'HIM OFF!**

WHOOPEE! I'VE GOT THE  
GOLD, CAP'N! AND ALSO  
SOME COMPETITORS WHO  
TRIED TO STEAL  
IT!

Soon... I'LL PROMISE NOT TO DO IT  
AGAIN, CAP'N, ONLY PLEASE  
DON'T LET THIS GUY

RIDE OUR SUB-  
MARINE  
ANY  
MORE!

HOORAH! BLIMPY  
FOUND THE GOLD!

WATCH  
YOUR  
STEP!  
OH-OH!

OOOPS!

Eight  
hours  
later...

EGULP: ONLY **SEVEN**  
MORE GOLD PIECES  
TO GO!

POOR  
BLIMPY!

KLINK!

KLINKS

# The Evil Oath

A TALL, bald man stood leering evilly in the flickering firelight of Mad Marie's one-room shack. "When will it be finished?" he asked in a solemn voice.

"Silence, Undertaker," the old woman croaked, brushing a wisp of grey hair from her hawk-like features. "You must not speak until I have pronounced the evil oath which will bind this waxen image with the soul of him you would destroy."

Kneading the soft wax slowly the crone muttered a weird incantation over the tiny form. Then she slipped on its clothes: a tight-fitting suit of blue and a cape of scarlet.

"There," she cackled, "it is finished. Now your precious Doll Man is in your power; you can do with him as you wish."

"I want it to be a lingering death," the Undertaker said bitterly, "to make up for the many times that little pest has thwarted my schemes. You have been successful for others in the past. See that you do not fail me."

"There is no danger," Marie said harshly. "It will be as you wish. See that this is delivered into his hands," she said, passing him the small box in which she had placed the figure, "but do not touch it yourself or you will break the spell."

"Now pierce it where you will," she added, "and he will suffer as though the thrust were directed into his own body."

Darrel Dane was at Dr. Roberts' home when a messenger delivered a small package addressed to Doll Man.

The doctor smiled as Darrel unwrapped the small box. "Why, it's a figure of Doll Man," he said. "From one of your admirers?"

"Hardly," Darrel said drily. "Look at the note that came with it."

Dr. Roberts took the paper and read: "Three days to live, Doll Man. You cannot escape the Undertaker."

"How horrible," the doctor said, "and look—the figure is pierced through the chest with a large needle."

"Hmm," Darrel muttered, "I don't know what our friend the Undertaker is up to. It seems as if he has gone in for the practice of witchcraft." He picked up the little mannikin from its resting place and turned it idly in his fingers.

Suddenly Darrel's face paled. He clutched at the table for support then slipped quietly to the floor, dropping the image from his now lax fingers.

"Darrel," Dr. Roberts cried, reaching his side.

The stricken man opened pain-clouded eyes. "My chest," he said weakly. "It felt as if someone had stabbed me with an invisible knife. It's gone now."

"I'm no believer in black magic," Darrel said in rising, as the color returning to his face. "That pain was not imaginary."

"We can't be sure," Dr. Roberts said seriously, "Superstitions are buried deep in our subconscious. Things we deny consciously are known to take hold of us in spite of our protestations."

"I won't believe that until all other possibilities have been explored," Darrel replied. "Let's take that devilish article into your laboratory and see how it stands up under tests."

In the laboratory, Darrel donned a pair of rubber gloves and gently withdrew the shining needle from the waxen body. Placing it carefully on a microscopic slide, he adjusted the focus.

"Nothing here, Doctor," he said. "No trace of any foreign matter."

He laid the needle aside and took a tiny sample from the spot where his fingers had dented the soft wax. "I'll run a spectroscopic analysis on this," he said, placing the wax on a glass slide and adjusting the prismatic viewer. "It might turn up a trace of poison."

Later Darrel removed his gloves, a puzzled frown on his face. "I'm stumped," he admitted.

"The next move is up to the Undertaker," he continued. "I don't think he meant this doll to kill me, or I'd be dead right now."

The following day Darrel waited impatiently at Dr. Roberts' home until the messenger arrived with the same kind of package he had brought the day before. Darrel unwrapped this one more carefully, wearing protective gloves while he examined it minutely for any means whereby a poison could be administered.

Finding nothing, he discovered a note buried in the excelsior at the bottom of the box. "Tomorrow your suffering will be at an end," it read.

## FEATURE COMICS

"We'll see about that," Darrel said to himself. "The Undertaker is letting his egotism run away with him."

He took the second doll, which was pierced through the head by a needle, into Dr. Roberts' laboratory. As he entered the Doctor looked up anxiously from his work. "A second package, eh?" he remarked.

"Right on schedule," Darrel said wryly. "Frankly, I was expecting it."

Bit by bit he carefully dissected the wax image until nothing was left but the clothes. Then he painstakingly analyzed every shred of the material.

He worked well into the evening before he received the indication for which he was searching. After that he worked more surely, and, after another hour, he pushed aside the chemical equipment.

"I have some calls to make, Dr. Roberts," he called. "Thanks for the use of your lab. I believe I've found out as much as I can here. The rest I'll know in a little while, if I'm lucky."

Not far from the Roberts' home Darrel stepped into a dark alleyway and exerted his tremendous will to become the dynamic Doll Man.

"I'll be less conspicuous this way," he thought. "The places I have to visit are closed now but I have to get that information before the undertaker sends me his final doll."

First Doll Man sped to the warehouse of the city's largest drug importers. "The stuff I'm tracing," he thought, "would ordinarily come through them."

It was close to midnight when Doll Man, weary from his exertions in the warehouse, made his way up a narrow, twisting path to a dismal house beyond a thick stand of trees. He slipped through the head-high weeds growing on the lawn, around to the back of the place, and paused for a moment to look down on the murky waters of a lake.

"Devil's Lake is a good setting for this kind of business," he thought as he mounted the rotting steps to the back porch of the house.

He eased the flimsy door open a crack and slipped into the dim interior.

Mad Marie sat before the fire, mouthing the strange words of her evil oath which was to cause Doll Man's death. The Undertaker stood facing her.

"Here you are, Undertaker," she said finally, holding out a small box. "This is the death doll. When Doll Man receives this, he will die."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Doll Man said,

leaping up to strike the box, spilling its contents on the floor.

"Doll man!" the Undertaker cried. "you should be dying right now!"

"Sorry to disappoint you," the little man said, catching the tall man on the chin with a stinging blow. "I never felt better. Don't you agree," he asked, landing another smash to the Undertaker's chin.

"Blast you, Doll Man," the Undertaker snarled. He drew a knife as he staggered against the wall. "If Marie's magic won't stop you, this will." He threw the knife straight at Doll Man, who tried to sidestep it. But the blade caught the little man's red cape, slamming him back and pinning him to the wall.

While the miraculous mite struggled to free himself, the Undertaker made for the door. Old Marie hobbled over to him, clutching at his sleeve. "Take me with you," she begged in a croaking voice. "I'll go to jail if you don't."

"Out of my way, you hold hag," the Undertaker snarled, throwing her back. In a split second he disappeared into the darkness. Doll Man ripped his cape free and pursued the fleeing criminal. He was halfway to the lake when he heard the powerful cough of a speedboat motor. Then he saw the luminous wake of the boat as it sped over the water.

"Some day," Doll Man thought angrily, "I'll get the Undertaker in a spot where he won't escape."

Back at the shack Doll Man found Marie huddled on the floor. He turned her over and saw the wax doll she had made, pressed against her withered cheek.

"By checking the sales records of the drug company," Darrel explained to Dr. Roberts later, "I was able to trace the poisons Marie used, also her address."

"The wax images and the evil oaths merely served to dupe superstitious people who believed she was really a witch. Actually she placed a few tiny cactus-like spines in the clothing of the various images. When the victim handled any one of them, the poisoned spines made contact with the skin, something which would ordinarily go unnoticed. Each of her poisons worked on a specific part of the body, but her customers would obviously think it was the large, metal needle which was doing the work."

"Justice finally caught up with her," Dr. Roberts said, "in the form of one of her own death dolls."

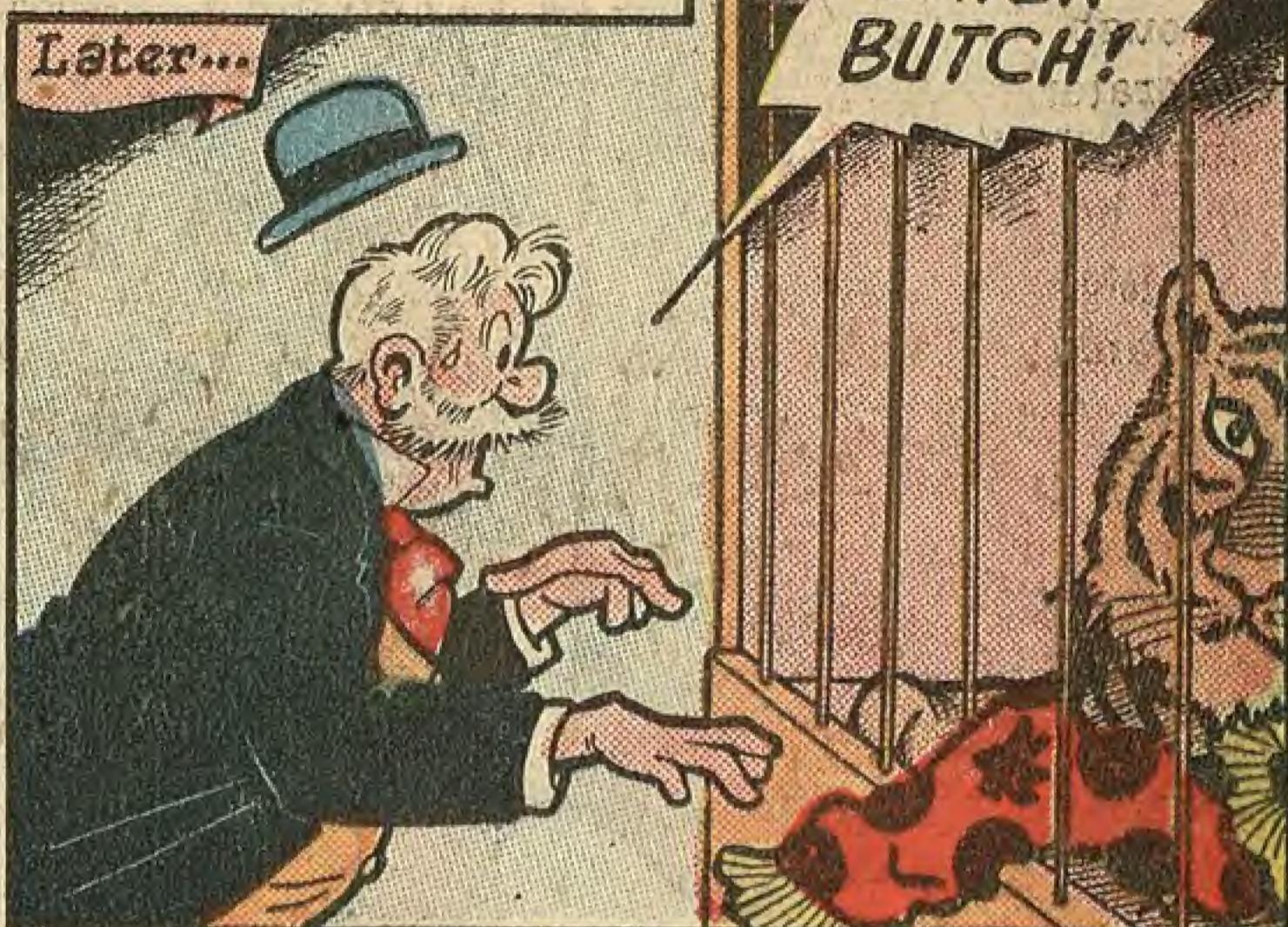
"And justice will catch up with the Undertaker one of these days," replied Darrel, jutting out his jaw.

**BIG TOP**

HO! HO! THIS'LL BE GOOD! I LEFT A PARTLY TORN OLD CLOWN COSTUME OF MINE IN THE TIGER CAGE SO THE BOSS WILL THINK HE'S EATEN ME!

Later...

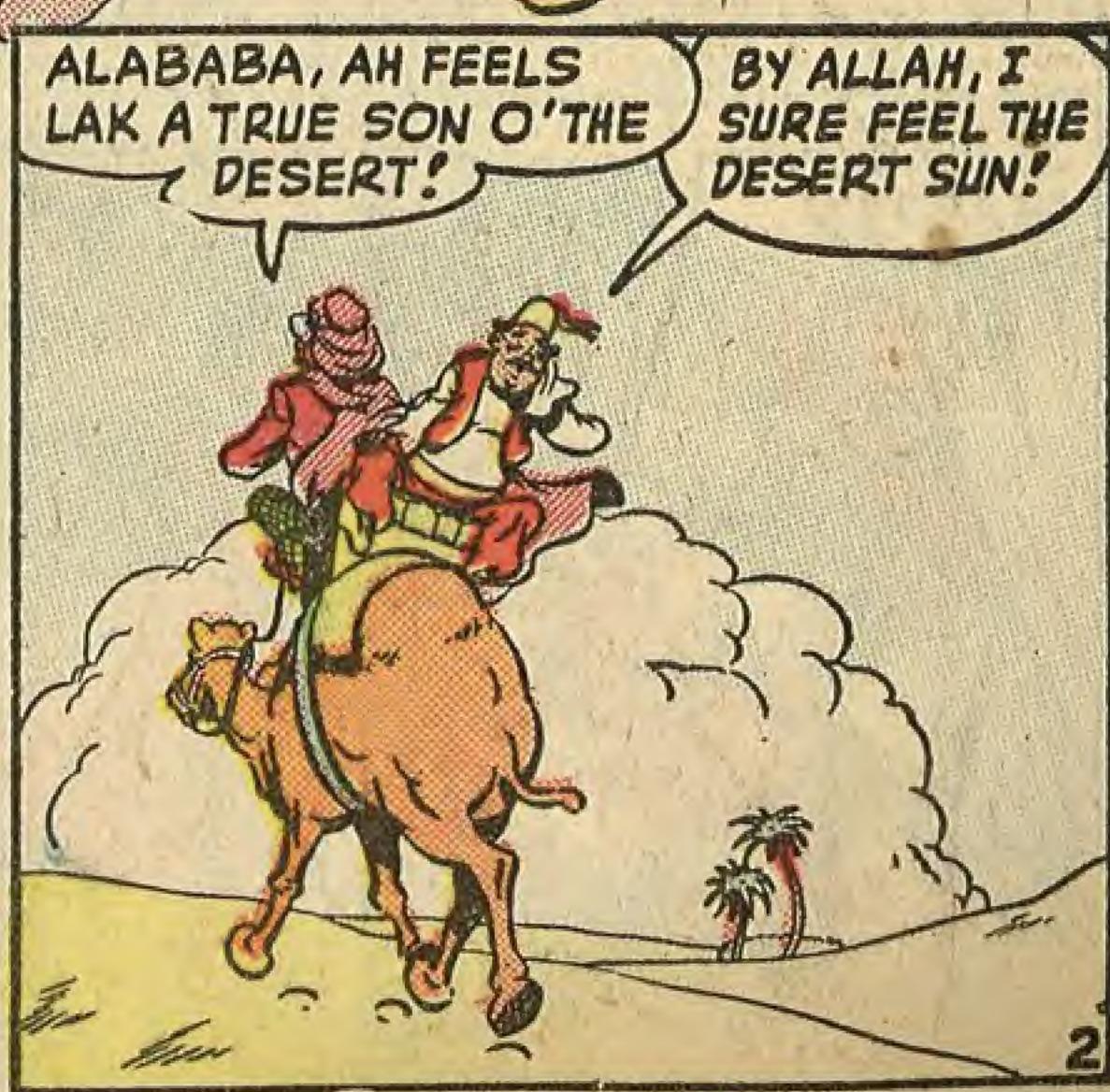
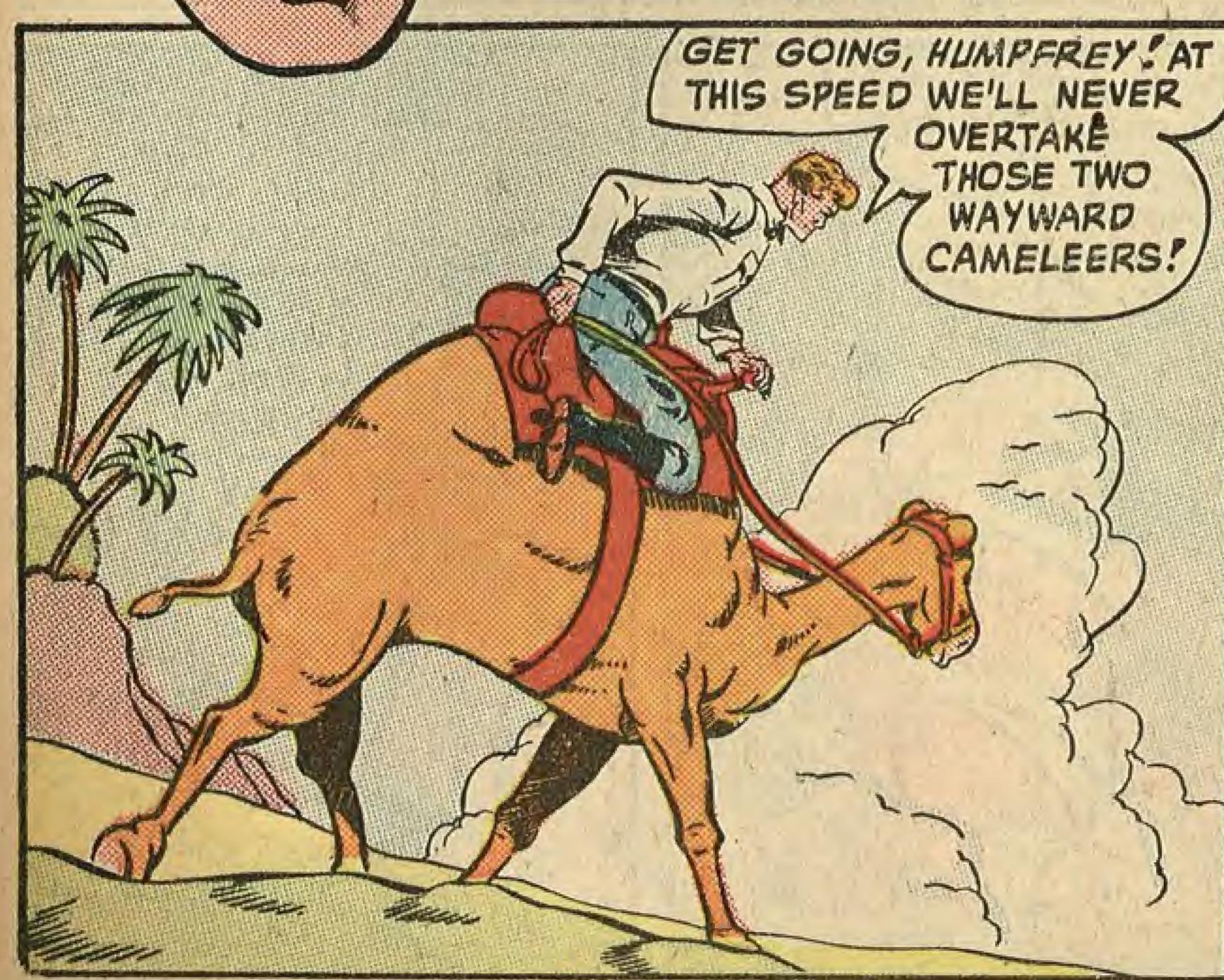
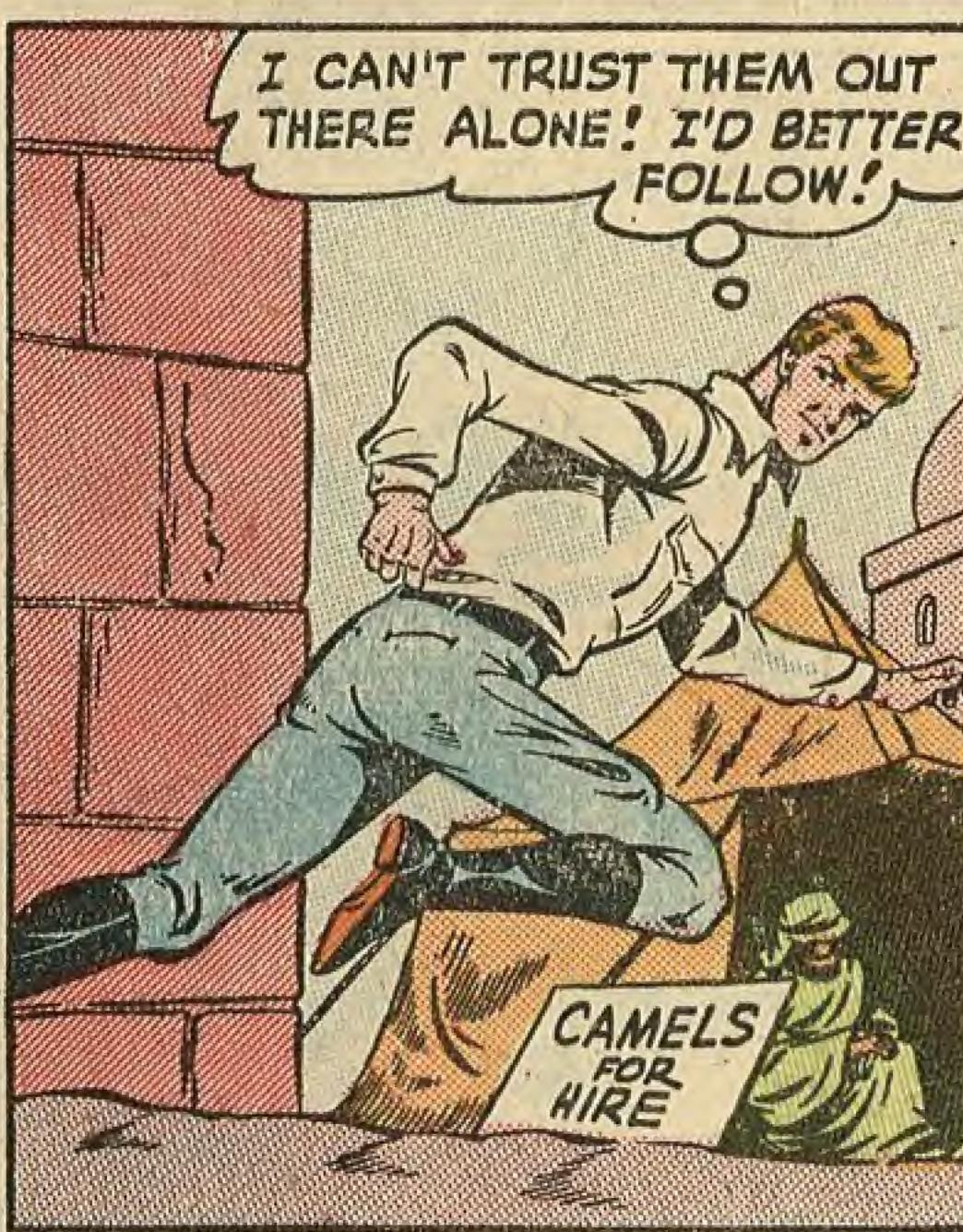
HELP! THE TIGER'S EATEN BUTCH!



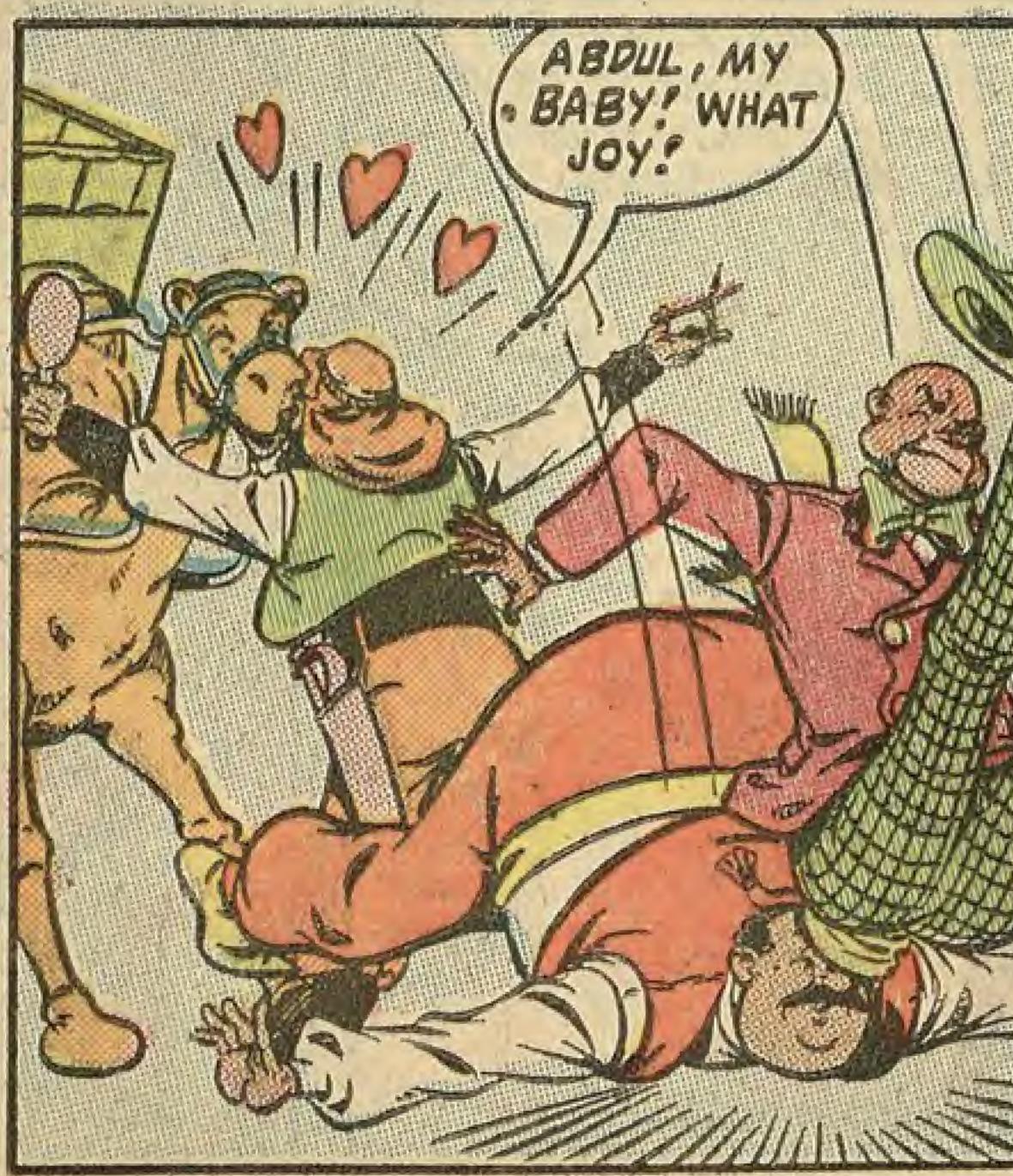
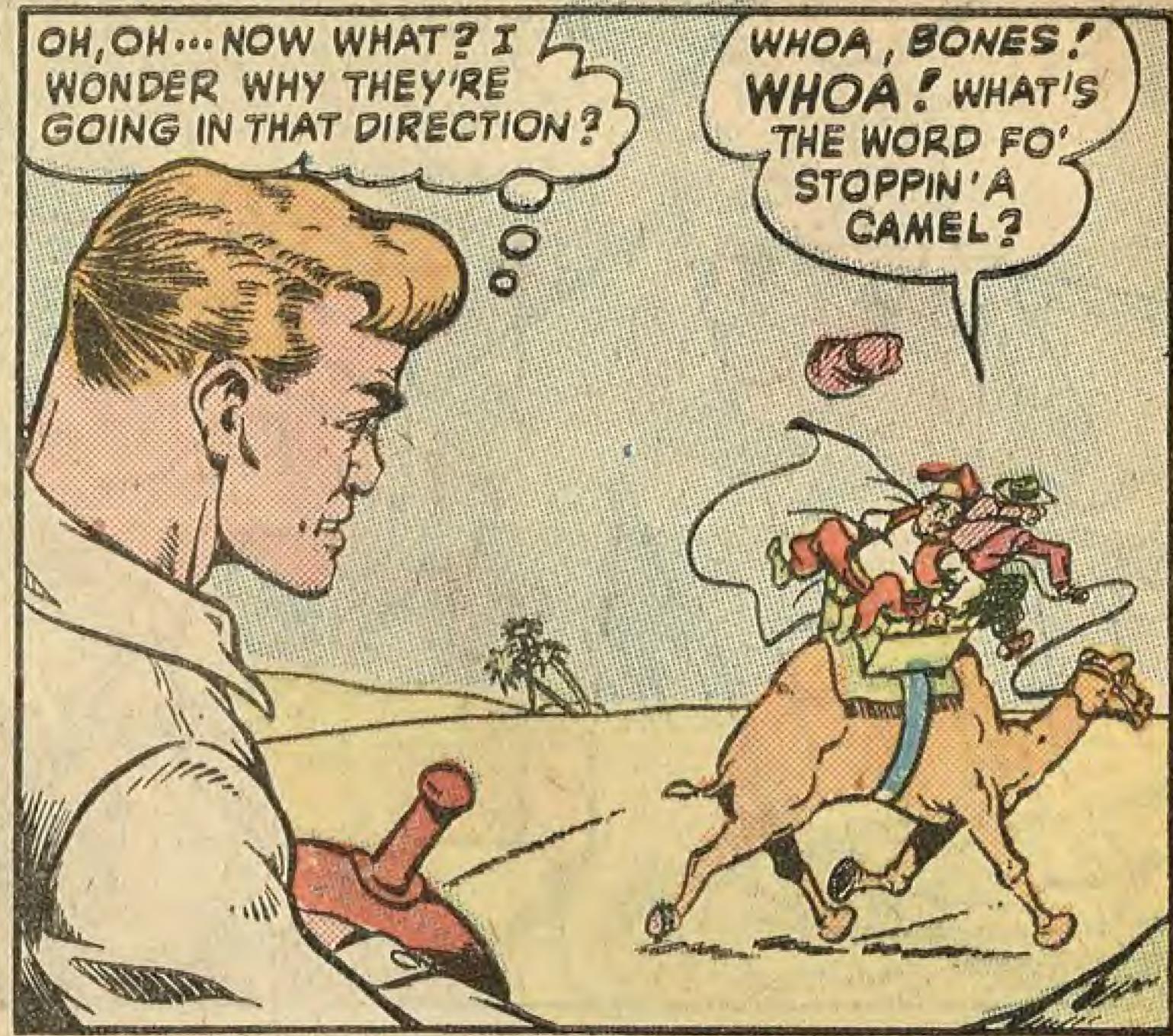
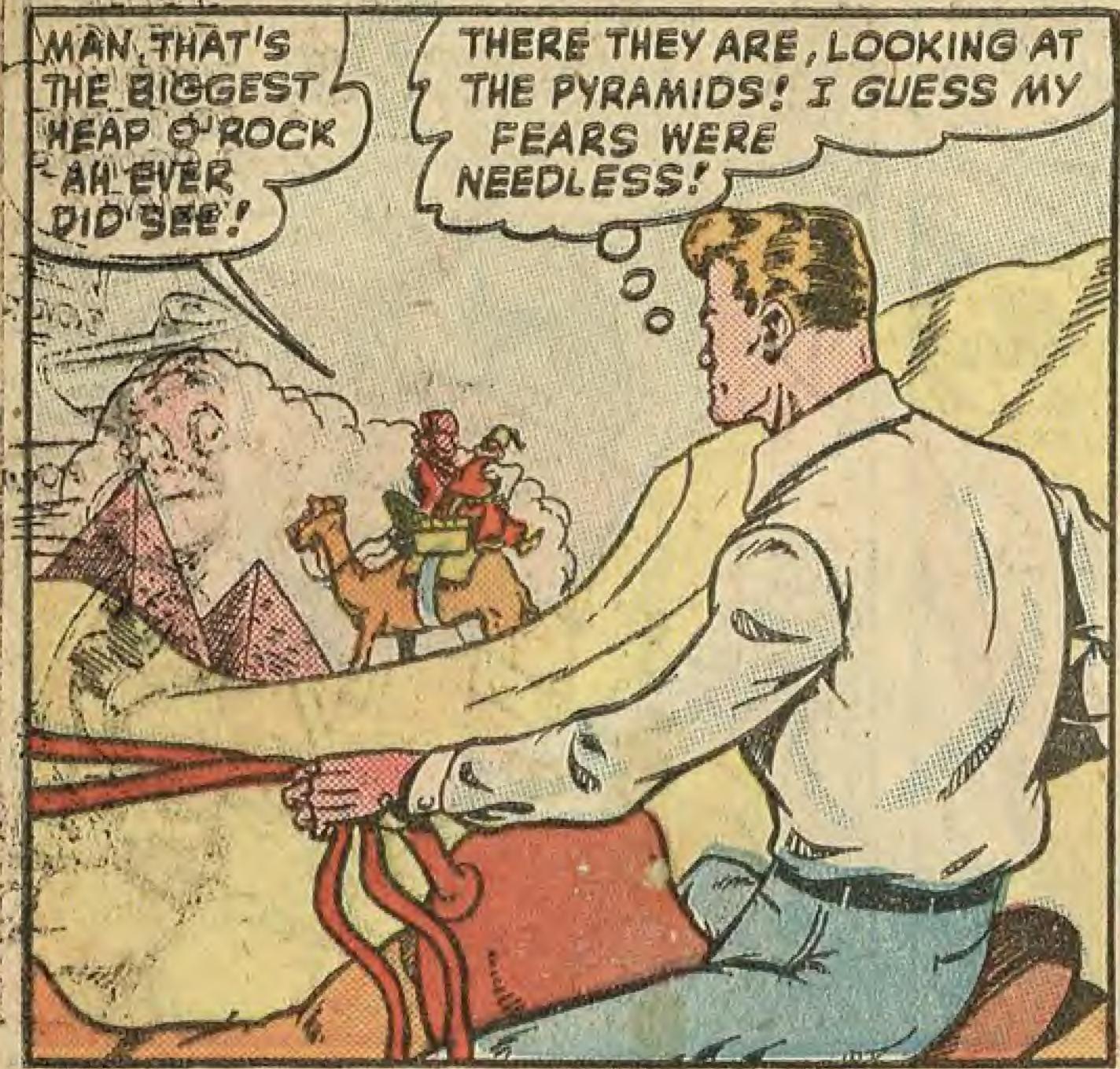
# Rusty Ryan



## FEATURE COMICS



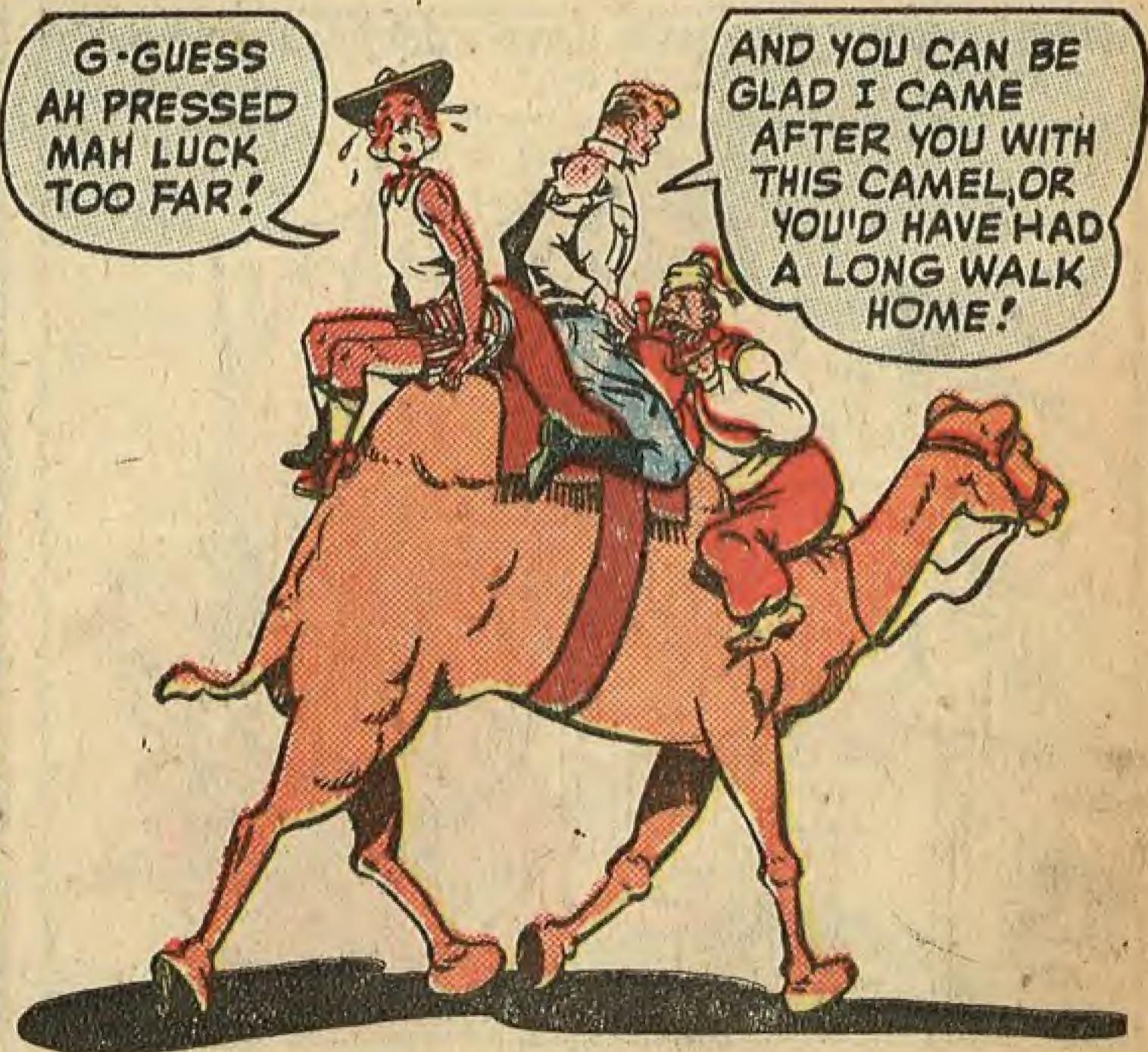
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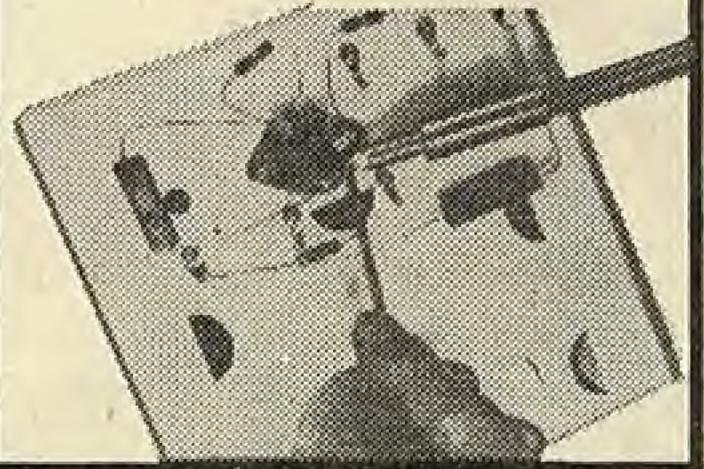
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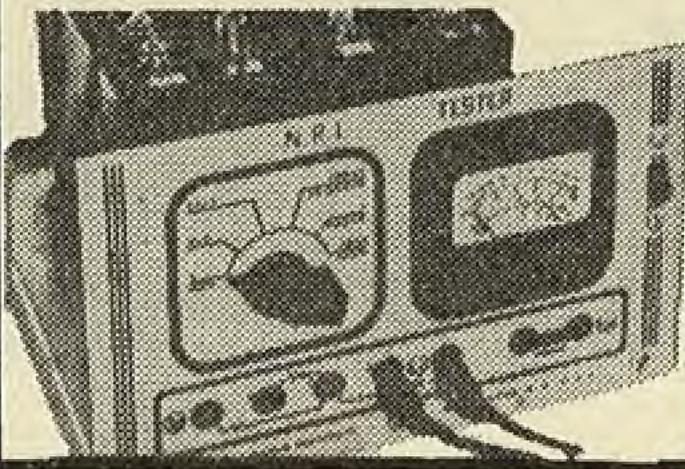
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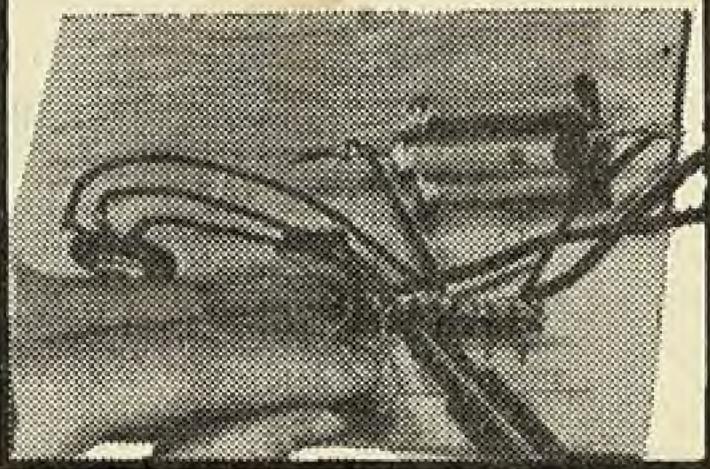
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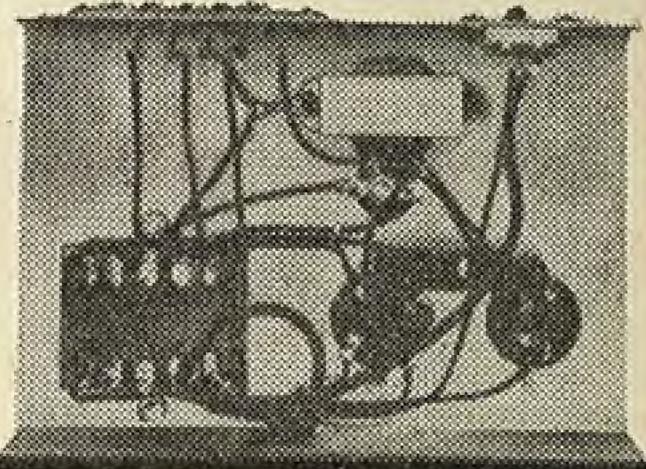
**YOU BUILD** this Tester that soon helps you EARN EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



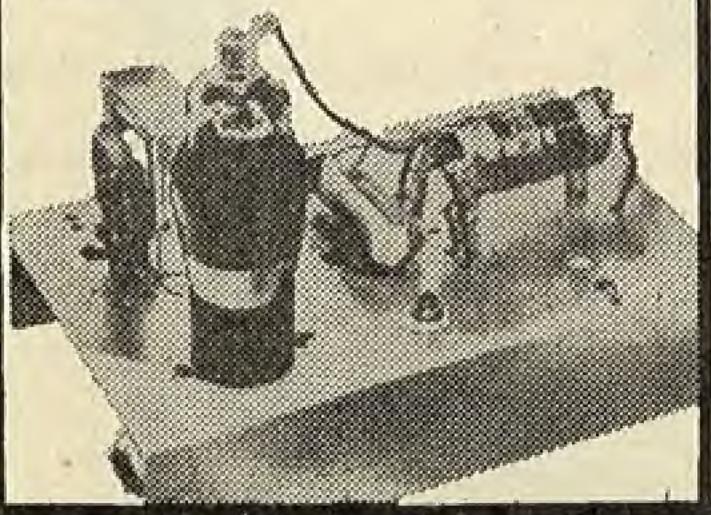
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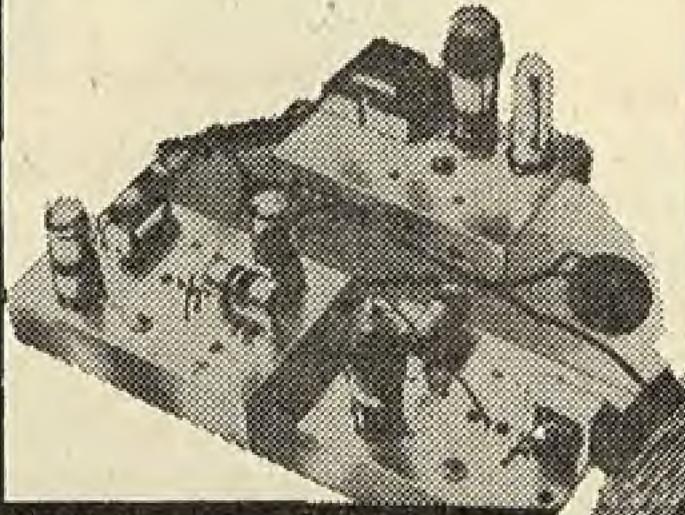
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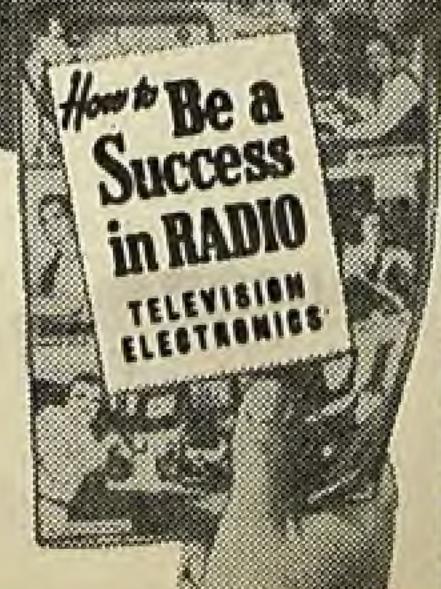
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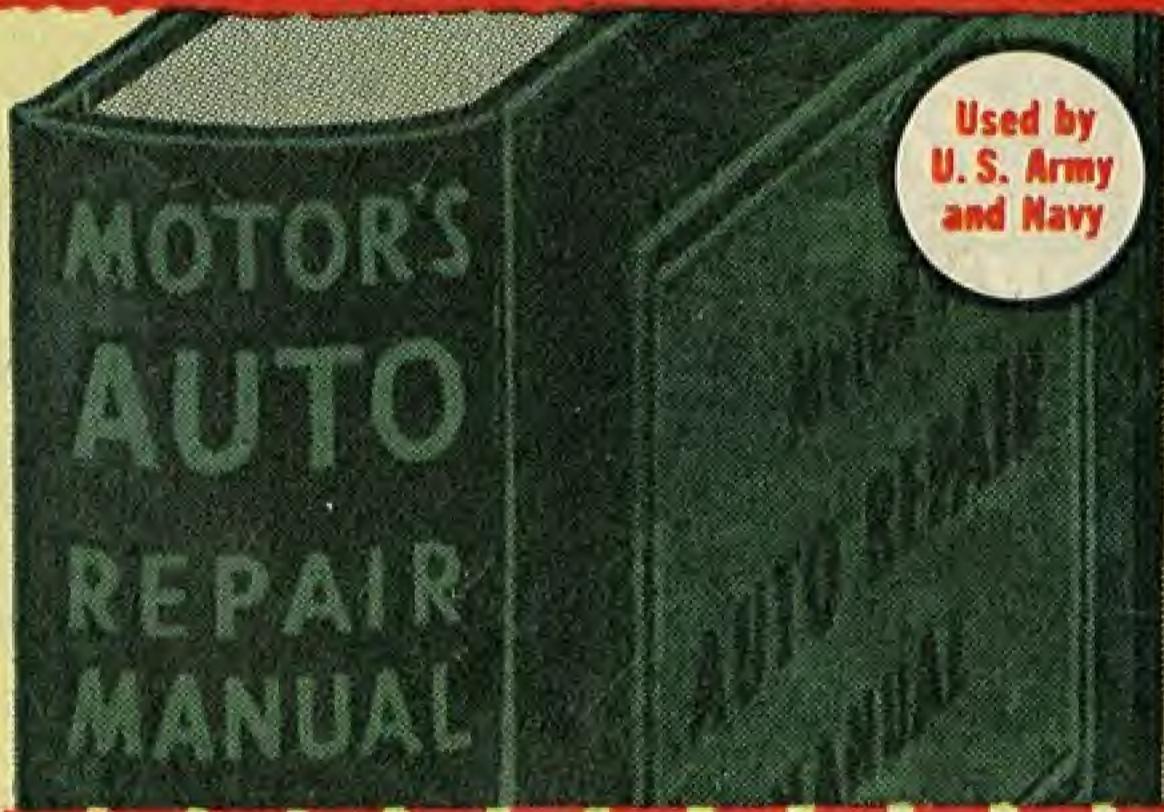


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